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Frontispiece?



Ha'ha, ha. He, he, he!

Jemmy Twitcher's Jest's :

O R,

WIT with the Gravy in it :

COLLECTED

By a MEMBER of the Beef-Steak Club ;

And now first published

By DANIEL GUNSTON.

Interpersed with Variety of entertaining Articles
from his own Budget ;

The Whole consisting of

Tales,	Jokes,	Humbugs,
Repartees,	Double Entendres,	Catches,
Conundrums,	Epigrams,	Glees,
Bulls,	Puns,	And

Every other Species of Wit and Humour.

So that every person who is pleased with a *Jest*, may have a large Quantity by paying a Shilling *earnest* ; If a *Bull* has any Charms for him, let him *buy* this little Volume, and he will find that we have *given* him a great many ;

If a *Double Entendre* can afford Delight, we appeal to the Ladies, whether we have not a just Claim to their Approbation, and we are willing to *stand or fall* by their Verdict. In short, we flatter ourselves that this Performance abounds with every Species of Wit ; and we have the Satisfaction to say, what none of our Predecessors can, that these Jest's are entirely new, and have never appeared in any other Jest Book.

N. B. This little Volume, as its Contents have never been broached, may properly be said to be a *Maiden One*, and may be had, Price One Shilling *stitched*.

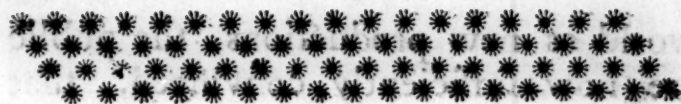
L O N D O N,

Printed for T. EVANS, at No. 54, and J. SMITH, at No. 15, in Pater-noster Row ; and sold by all other Booksellers.

[Price One Shilling.]

MDCCLXX.





P R E F A C E

To the P U B L I C.

THE collections of Jests, published with the names of Ben Johnson and Joe Miller, have been circulated many years, and have been so frequently repeated in all manner of companies, that, though many of them are excellent, yet by their being continually hackneyed by every class of people, they are become insipid, and even disgusting. Since the publication of Ben Johnson and Joe Miller's Jests, several collections of a similar nature have appeared; but though they have been successfully palmed upon the world

P R E F A C E.

world as new productions, the public are now sufficiently convinced, that they were little more than compilations from the collections above-mentioned. Subsequent collectors have compiled from these compilations, and ushered their plagiaries into the world as new performances.

This, however, is not my case; — what I offer to the public has, at least, novelty to recommend it; but how far it merits the approbation of the impartial lovers of mirth and good humour, must be left to their decision — to which I readily submit.

April 10, 1770.

D. GUNSTON.

Jemmy Twitcher's

J E S T S;

O R T H E

Humours of the *Beef-steak Club*.

SEVERAL persons have lately published Jest Books, and pretended in the title page that they were entirely new, but the public have been grievously imposed upon; and the most favourable construction that can be put upon their false assertions, is, that *they were in jest*; and that was the only original jest that any of them have exhibited.

A court lady was vaunting that she was descended from a prince of the blood—lady G—r who was present, replied, I boast of greater honours, for when I was at St. Alban's, a prince of the blood *descended from me*.

It is a circumstance very well known, that the honourable Charles York was appointed Chancellor, and received the seals only two days before he died, where upon a gentleman observed

B

to

to the duke of G——n, that the seals could travel faster than his grace's race horses; how do you make that out, said the duke? because, replied the other, *they have been to York and back again in two days.*

Every man, said Jemmy, to his favourite pursuit—whilst one great personage spends his time in making *buttons*, another great personage, who is a near relation of his, thinks of nothing else but *stitching button holes.*

A few days ago, an eminent taylor at the west end of the town, having *press'd* a certain gentleman in his neighbourhood for the payment of a very long bill, day after day, to no purpose, told him plainly at last, that he would *take a new measure*, and work him to Westminster-hall. The gentleman was a man of too much honour to discharge debts of justice, and therefore Mr. Buckram *cut out a suit for him* in the court of King's-bench, though he is determined not to *make it up* till his debt is discharged.

It is currently reported that a certain nobleman, who proposed commencing a suit against a particular young gentleman for *crim. con.* has been persuaded from this design by the promise of a ducal coronet, two *noes* of which have been already planted on his *head.*

It is also currently reported, that there is a plan on foot for a seminary, or asylum, for the retreat of unfortunate married women of fashion, who have *imprudently* committed adultery.

The

The Character of Mrs. BROWN.

Mrs. Brown lodges up one pair of stairs, at the sign of the bush at the bottom of snow hill. She is remarkable for being a great favourite with the gentlemen, and most of them are so extravagantly fond of her that they even fall upon their knees to worship her. She is so very silent, that she never was known to speak a single word. Mrs. Brown, though a very handsome figure, does not chuse to be often seen, for which reason she does not appear abroad un-covered, and even when she is at home, she is very fond of being covered. It may appear surprising, and yet it is an undoubted truth, that she is very handsome and agreeable, though she has not a tooth in her mouth; and though she can neither see or hear, she is a very entertaining companion, and enjoys the satisfaction of feeling in the highest perfection. She can keep a secret nine months, but no longer; for she is then obliged, according to act of parliament, to publish it to the world.

A person being extremely fond of relating in company the stale jests of Joe Miller and Ben Johnson; another in company very sarcastically observed, that his stories were as destitute of wit as his old coat. What do you mean by that, says the other? because they are *thread-bare*, replied he.

A clergyman, in the presence of the late Mr. Charles Churchill, was complaining of a person

in company for his want of taste ; for, says he,
 “ if one says a good thing it is lost upon him.”
 Mr. Churchill very archly asked the following
 satirical question, *Did you ever try him, sir ?*

Lady B— was observing in company, that if
 Lord P— should marry miss G— what an abo-
 minable thing it would be, as it was well known
 that she was a natural daughter to his own father.
 Major K—, who always considers the *main*
chance, replied “ There is nothing in it, my
 “ lady ; the spiritual law takes no cognizance
 “ of *natural* children, and it will be keeping all
 “ the money in the family.”

Some very respectable neighbours of mine have
 done me the honour to elect me a member of a
 club at a certain tavern, where I sometimes pass
 an evening very agreeably ; but it frequently
 happens that cards are proposed by some of the
 society, and there are always enough present,
 who approve of such a proposal : in consequence
 of which the four kings are introduced, and four
 of the company immediately engage with them.
 From that moment all rational conversation ceases,
 and is succeeded by such an unintelligible
 jargon, that any person who should be curious
 enough to listen at the door, would imagine we
 were all out of our senses. One is perhaps, asking
 our opinion about Mr. Moore’s machine ;
 another very pertinently replies, “ club is
 “ trump.”—One declares, “ The Surry peti-
 “ tion is written with great modesty, and tho’
 “ severe, is couched in very respectful terms.”
 —Another offers to take his oath that he had
 two

two by honours in his own hand. "Gentlemen
 "whist players," says one, "I have the pleasure of drinking all your healths, "That's
 "damn'd bad play," says another, "Why did
 "not you lead a diamond, you knew it was my
 "suit." The last night that I was at the club,
 the landlord precipitately enter'd the room, saying,
 "Did you call, Sir?" "Call!" says one of
 the players, D—me, what do you mean by that?
 I have no right to call—we are but seven."

A woman came to a public-house in pursuit of
 her husband, whom she found very busy at crib-
 bidge: "Are not you a pretty fellow, said she,
 "to be spending your time and losing your
 "money in this scandalous manner, while I must
 "remain at home and want Bread to eat? But
 "such fellows as you, never *think* of their poor
 "wives." You are mistaken, my dear, replied
 "the husband, for the reason that I am so fond
 "of the game of cribbage is, because every time
 "I *peg a hole* I think of my wife."

When his majesty of Denmark was in town, a
 certain ancient baronet, no less distinguished for
 his cleverness in the discharge of public etiquette
 than for his late orations in the East-India-House,
 was very attentive to him whenever he visited
 that elegant temple of pleasure, Ranelagh; but,
 unfortunately for the baronet, of all the living
 languages, the French was that which he was
 least acquainted with; so that very often the
 king's complaisance made him listen without being
 able to comprehend him. Sometime after the
 king's departure, the baronet was flourishing before

fore a certain witty earl of the intimacy and friendship he was always honoured with by his majesty. "Pho! pho! (cried the earl) so far from that I am told you could never agree." "Never agree! my lord, says the baronet hastily. "—No never, replied the earl, for it can be proved there never was a time you met, but there was a great deal of *bad* language pass'd between you.

A country-clergyman who was spending an evening with some of his fair parishioners, requested one of them, a young lady about eighteen, to give a toast, which she immediately complied with, and gave *Truth*. The parson observed it was a very good toast, but he did not conceive the whole of it's excellency 'till he was at church the Sunday afterwards, when Mr. Amen gave out part of the psalm, with a very audible voice in these words, *His TRUTH at all Times firmly stood*. The parson, from hence, was convinced of the ingenious meaning of the lady, and acknowledged it to be orthodox wit.

A gentleman sent for his taylor, who happen'd to be an Irishman, and told him he had made his coat and waistcoat so little that he could not wear them, and ordered him to take them home and *let them out*. The taylor promised to obey the orders he had received, which he did in a very extraordinary manner. Some days afterwards, the gentleman wondering the taylor did not bring his clothes home, altered according to his direction, sent for him, and when Paddy arrived, ask'd him what was become of his coat and waistcoat?—

"By

“ By my soul, says the ninth part of an Irishman,
 “ I have obeyed your commands and have *let them*
 “ *out*, and the devil burn me but I think I have
 “ made a very good bargain, for they happened
 “ to fit a countryman of mine and I have *let them*
 “ *out* to him at six-pence a week, and he has en-
 “ gaged to wear them at that price for three
 “ months certain, whether he lives or dies.”

A quaker, whom the spirit had moved to do a
 little necessary business at a Bagnio in Drury-
 Lane, was unfortunate enough to contract a cer-
 tain disorder; which, from the disgrace that would
 attend the discovery of his misfortune, he con-
 cealed from all the world till the disorder had
 arisen to a very great height: at length however
 he summoned up courage enough to go to a sur-
 geon, but even then it was with the utmost dif-
 ficulty that the surgeon could learn what was the
 matter with him. At last, after many interro-
 gations, the Pintle-smith, said with some degree
 of warmth “ What the *Pox* ails ye?” “ Friend
 thou hast hit it,” replied Aminadab. The
 doctor then proceeded to examine the premises,
 and found matters in a most shocking situation:
 In short, he was in such a condition, that poor
 broad-brim was obliged to suffer an inch of a
 certain affair to be cut off, which he very patient-
 ly submitted to; and when the operation was per-
 formed, he observed the surgeon carefully put
 what he had taken from him into a drawer, with
 several things of the same kind. The quaker,
 notwithstanding he was in the greatest agonies,
 had curiosity enough to ask the doctor what he in-
 tended to do with them? The doctor assured him
 that

that when he had saved a sufficient number, he intended to mount them with silver, and make a sett of buttons of them for his coat. Aminidab, with great gravity, replied, "Then I would advise thee, friend, to lay by some of the *other sort, that thou may'st have proper button-holes to thy buttons.*"

A parson, who was reading a chapter in the bible, came to these words, "and he was clothed with wickedness as with a garment."—He said he thought it was very oddly express'd, for how could a man be *clothed* with wickedness? To which another, replied, "I suppose he had a *bad habit* of whoring and drinking."

A gentleman, who very frequently went to take an airing on horse-back, was observed always to come home drunk, though he was never known to be intoxicated with liquor at any other time—whereupon a friend of his very archly observed, "that though he had a *habit* of getting drunk, it was only his *riding habit.*"

A person seeing a young lady of his acquaintance, in company with one Mr. Child, went to the young lady's father, and told him with a sigh that he was very sorry to be the messenger of ill-news, "but, said he, with grief I express it, your daughter is *with child.* What I say is not merely conjecture, but an absolute fact, and I am ready to take my oath that your daughter is with child." The old gentleman was extremely shock'd to hear of such a charge against an only daughter, whom he tenderly loved, and of whose chastity he had always entertained the highest

highest opinion. In short, the old gentleman was almost crazy, and the other person had too much humanity to let him remain any longer in that situation, but banished all his fears in the following words. "I saw your daughter this morning, she was *with child*, and by me—" "That is, she was with Mr. *Child* the attorney," "and by me, because *I was near her*."

Dr. *Brown*, chaplain to the bishop of Hereford went to dine with his lordship, and took with him a lady, to whom he paid his addresses, and was shortly to have been married to her. After dinner, the bishop ask'd his chaplain for a toast, and observing he hesitated a considerable time, his lordship humorously said, pointing to the lady, "Your toast is not *brown* yet."

A lady in company was condemning the usual expression, when you want to convey the idea of stiffness: "It is common, says she, to say as stiff as buckram, but as buckram is not so extraordinary stiff, I am apt to think it is a corruption of the language, and that the phrase originally was, as *stiff as a buck-ram*: Which mode of expression, I shall always make use of for the future."

A Spanish ship was stranded on the coast of Ireland, and only a small part of the crew were saved; one of whom, almost perished with cold, went to a little cottage, and though he could not speak a language to be understood by the cottagers, they guessed at the misfortunes that had befallen him, and took pity on his distress. They
generously

generously desired him to partake of the food their little hovel afforded, and afterwards gave him to understand that he might lie all night before the fire, which was better than being exposed to the severity of the winter in the open air; but, as they had only one bed, he could not possibly lie with them. Accordingly, the man and his wife went to bed, and the Spaniard laid himself down before the fire. The good woman, however, was under some uneasiness that the stranger could not be better accommodated, and at length proposed to the husband to make room for him in their bed; observing that the foreigner might lie on one side, she on the other, and old gaffer in the middle. The husband readily assented to this proposal, and matters were conducted accordingly. In the morning, however, the Spaniard awakened, and recollecting there was a woman in bed with him, found it impossible to resist such a temptation after a long voyage, and perceiving that paddy was asleep, gets on the other side of the bed to his wife, and immediately proceeded to business. The husband presently awakened, and to his great astonishment, behold the man whom he had so hospitably treated, was in the act of planting a pair of horns upon his head.—

“ Arrah, my Judy, said he, what the devil are
 “ you doing—Why don’t you spake to the
 “ scoundral, and bid him get off, and tell him
 “ not to be after committing the crime of *adul-*
 “ *tery with any woman but his own wife.* Upon
 “ my soul, my dear paddy, said she, if I spake
 “ to him as he understands only the Spanish,
 “ he won’t know what I mean, it will only
 “ be making a botheration and a noise to no
 “ purpose ;

“ purpose ; so I may as well let him go on—
“ *he'll soon be quiet.*”

An Irishman was observing that Mr. Wilkes was the salvator mundi of the world, and all England besides, into the bargain.

The same Irishman declared in company, that an acquaintance of his was dangerously ill of a *slight fever*, but he was so firm a friend to the English liberties, that he run the risque of quitting his *death-bed* to go to Brentford to vote for Mr. Wilkes.

*Political and other conundrums, fresh coin'd, and
and red hot out of the Mint.*

*Why are the horned cattle so much like the Scotch
nation ?*

Answer. Because the King *careth* for them.

*When a certain lady was at St. Alban's, how far
was she from Cumberland ?*

Answer. Not a yard.

*Why is a man that has been stript of his clothes like
certain petitioners ?*

Answer. Because they want to be re-dressed.

Why is the House of C——s like a flint stone ?

Answer. Because we can't get it dissolved.

Why is a large fire like a spendthrift ?

Answer. Because it consumes the cole.

*Why is every virtuous girl a proper attendant upon
a Queen ?*

Answer. Because she is a *maid of honour*.

Why is lady G—— like Wanstead House ?

Answer. Because she is fit for a Prince.

Why

Why is a peer like a man upon crutches?

Answer. Because he has supporters to his arms.

Why is a girl, suspected of an illicit amour, like a ship in a storm?

Answer. Because she is blown upon.

Why is Mr. Wilkes so much esteemed by the ladies?

Answer. Because he goes great lengths.

Why is the soft row of a herring like the marquis of Granby?

Answer. Because it is a he-roe.

During a very high wind, part of a church in Surry, was blown down; and in particular a stone on which the ten commandments were engraved, was entirely broken to pieces; upon which a gentleman observed, that Boreas must be a wicked fellow indeed, that *could break all the commandments*; and that the parson of the parish was a virtuous man compared to him, for he had never broken above *five of them*.

It is not only a common custom in England to write incendiary letters, but they have now begun in Ireland. One in particular runs thus:
 “ I will *blow* your brains out with a bludgeon,
 “ I’ll *drown* all your fish, *set fire* to your fish-
 “ ponds, and ravish your wife’s maidenhead.”

Two Irishmen, upon their passage from Dublin to Park-gate, laid a trifling wager which of the two should first set their feet upon English ground. When the ship was almost arrived at the port, some boats came out to meet them, in which the two paddies immediately got; and when they were almost arrived at the shore, one of them,
 in

in order to win his wager, jumped plump into the sea; and was up to the chin in water, where he thought it would not have been above up to his knees. “ If this be England, said “ Teague, the devil burn me, if I like it at all, for “ a man no sooner sets his foot upon *dry land*, but “ he is up to his *neck in water*.”

An Irish gentleman, who had been appointed an ensign in the army, had his regimentals made in a very awkward bungling manner; and in particular, his sleeves were four or five inches too short. Some friend of his observed that his clothes did not fit him at all. “ How the devil should “ they, said the honest Hibernian, for when the “ taylor took measure of me, he was in London, “ and I was in Dublin.

The same Hibernian, when he arrived in England, observed that most of the gentlemen wore gloves, especially if they walked with a cane: he therefore gave the waiter of the inn, a six-penny piece, and ordered him to buy him a pair of gloves. The waiter presently returned, and said he could not buy a pair for less than two shillings: “ Rather than I would give two shillings “ for a pair of gloves, replied paddy, my hands “ should go *bare-foot* all the days of their lives.”

There lately lived in Ormond-street, a lady who was a most notorious shrew, insomuch that she was continually quarrelling with her maids, and sometimes used to beat them. It happened that she once had a country girl for a servant, whose name was Bridget, and she sent her

one Sunday in great haste, to Lamb's Conduit to fetch a bottle of water. Unfortunately for poor Biddy, an unluckily stone lay in her way, and just as she had arrived at the well, she fell down with the bottle, and broke it all to pieces: poor Biddy, as you may imagine, was greatly shocked at this accident. She knew too well her mistress's disposition, and that all manner of excuses would answer no purpose. She beat her breast and tore her hair, and said there was not in the world so lost and so undone a creature as herself. A good handsome young 'prentice standing by, and seeing her in this distress, kindly came up to her relief. He saw she was extremely handsome, and he presently became enamour'd with her. "My dear, said he, I cannot conceive why one so beautiful as you are, should have any cause of grief. Alas, she said, I am undone; I have the misfortune to serve one of the most cruel of women. Without the least pretence for severity she sometimes beats me till I am black blue, then what must I expect when I have broke one of her favourite bottles? In short, I had rather die than submit to her ill-usage. 'Tis death alone that can afford me any relief, and I am determined to put an end to my life and my misfortunes together. Well then said the 'prentice, since you are determined to die, you had better let me be the executioner, for it would be a most horrible sin to be guilty of self-murder." Fair Biddy readily consented that he should be her murderer, and agreed to accompany him behind a quick-set hedge, where he knock'd her down and presently deprived her of life. She however
return'd

return'd to life again, and was so well pleas'd with the manner of her death, that she address'd the youth in the following words, " Kind Sir, " said she, if this is the method you take to console me, when I have the misfortune to break " a bottle, my mistress, in a short time won't " have a *whole bottle left*."

An Irish gentleman came to England with an intent to stay a considerable time, and therefore thought it necessary to take a lodging; for which purpose he requested the master of the Blossom's Inn in Laurence-lane, to look out for a lodging for him. After some little enquiry, he found an apartment in St. Paul's Church-yard, which he thought would perfectly suit him. He return'd to his Hibernian acquaintance, informed him that he had succeeded in his endeavours, and had seen a lodging that would certainly please him. The honest paddy desired to know where it was.—" In St. Paul's church-yard, replied the " other. Pshaw! (resumed Mr. Teague) what " a pretty messenger you are to send of an errand! *Did you ever hear of a man's going to live " in a church-yard till after he was dead.*"

A young woman, very genteely dress'd, went into the shop of an haberdasher in Cheap-side, and took an opportunity, when she thought she was not perceived, to convey a quantity of lace into her pocket. She could not however escape the vigilant eye of the haberdasher, who immediately accosted her in these polite terms, " I am " sorry, miss, that you should take so large a " quantity of my lace without asking my leave."

Indeed, Sir, said she, “ I have not touch’d your
 “ lace—you are quite *mistaken*. Since you deny it,
 “ replied he, catching hold of her, you are now
 “ my prisoner, and therefore you are *mistaken*.

One night at Drury-lane play-house, a song
 in the Jubilee was *encor’d*, and after it had been
 sung a second time, Mr. Moody (who performd
 the character of an Irishman in that farce) cry’d
 out, “ If I had known they would have sung
 “ the same song again, it should not have been
 “ *encor’d*.

A gentleman, though not an Irishman, was
 observing in company, “ that the winter evenings
 “ are much more agreeable than the summer
 “ evenings ; for in the summer evenings you
 “ had not time to enjoy the conversation of your
 “ friends, for the days were so long that it *grew*
 “ *late very soon*.

The following being a very good *punnical* ac-
 count of the candidates for common-council of
 the ward of Farringdon-Within for the year 1770.
 I shall, without apology, present it to my readers.
 Though the wit may by some be thought too
 local, and not calculated for general entertain-
 ment ; yet as the parties are so particularly
 mark’d, it will certainly be matter of diversion
 for every one, but more particularly to those who
 have any knowledge of them.

A portrait of the persons and designs of some
 of the contending parties for common-council-
 men of the ward of Farringdon-Within.

NEW

NEW CANDIDATES.

Mr. Caſlon, bookſeller, is determined to *turn over a new leaf* with the old culprits.

Mr. Lokes, wax-chandler, will light up the *flambeaux* of liberty, ſtick as cloſe as *wax* to his brother candidates, and *ſeal* up the mouths of his opponents.

Mr. Upton, broker, has *ſworn* to put up the old common-council-men to *auction*, and expects (as they are *ſecond hand goods*) they will be *knock'd down* for a trifle.

Mr. Smith, printſeller, is determined to have the *heads* of the old crew engraved upon *lead*, and printed off upon ſoft *fool cap* paper, to ſerve as *neceſſary* furniture for the inhabitants.

Mr. Maynard, flatter, will lay aſide the uſe of his *old blind horſes* in the flatting-mill, to make room for the *old blind aſſes* of the ward.

Mr. Adams, cordwainer, declares the *ſoles* of his conſtituents are *very good*; that he is determined they ſhall have *better upper leathers*; and, having got the *length of the foot* of almoſt every inhabitant, is in no doubt of ſucceſs.

Mr. Hunter, button-ſeller, don't care a *button* for the old common-council-men, and is determined to give 'em their *trimmings*, except *buckram*, of which they have a ſufficient ſtock.

OLD MEMBERS.

Mr. Deputy Paterſon is upon *ways and means* continue in common-council, and ſays every man ought to praiſe the *bridge* that carries him ſafe over. As this gentleman is of *Scotch* extraction, 'tis no wonder that he has an *itch* to come in again.

Mr. Griffith, tobacco-nist, having *smoak'd* how matters are going, is determined to *resign*, and declares (look you) he don't care a *pinch* of *snuff* for the office.

Mr. J. Rivington, bookseller, posts every morning to St. Paul's, to pray for success in his election. It was expected he would have *resigned* the *poll*, but a lady prevailed upon him to *stand once more* to oblige her.

Mr. William Jones, glover, has thrown down his *glove* in defiance to his antagonists, and boldly declares he despises every *skin* of them.

Mr. Clements, trunk-maker, has lined several of his *trunks* with the *city poll book*, and says he will *lock up* the new candidates.

Mr. Woodroffe, hofier and *monosyllable-monger*, is resolved, *for the sake of decency*, to furnish the ladies of the common-council with *breeches-pieces*, and their *jerries* with *stockings*, to enable them to *stand on* their legs on St. Thomas's day.

Mr. Pinder, mason, is full of wrath, and declares, if he loses his election, he will spare neither age nor sex in the opposition, but will absolutely throw his *stones* at them.

One day a common-council-man of one the wards of this city, in which the election was likely to be contested, riding out of town to get some votes, was flung off his horse: he fell forcibly with his head against a mile-stone, but received no injury himself, though the stone was broke in two.

I was at L. C.'s, one day in Ireland, where a certain person was present, who has lately taken uncommon pains to carry some points greatly against

against the interest of this kingdom : after dinner this gentleman amused himself, as he often does, with drawing *caricatures* of some of the company ; among the rest he took off the face of a physician present, and made the poor doctor, who is a very ordinary man, for some time extremely ridiculous ; however, the latter having also a talent for design, and guessing how the other was employed, did not let him long enjoy his triumph ; but, after approving his performance, drew a piece of paper out of his pocket, on which he had sketched a most ridiculous figure of the Great Man ; who, perceiving the image of a woman, with a glass of wine in her hand, placed by him, asked the designer what it meant ? That is, said the doctor, poor Hibernia ; she is entertaining you in the most hospitable manner, while you, Sir, are picking her pocket.

When Mr. Garrick, in the character of Hastings, some nights ago, was going off the stage, after having repeated the following line,

And die with pleasure for my country's good,

a droll tar in the upper-gallery cried out, after having dislodged a quid, “ Avaft, brother, with
“ your cheek-jaw and palaver !—Lords an’t so
“ ready to die for Old England now-a-days.

A matrimonial anecdote ; from the French.

A married man, whose wife (in other respects a good sort of a woman) had made him suffer his purgatory in this world ; on his decease, went directly to Paradise, which he had richly deserved
by

his patience. When he came to the gate, he knocked, St. Peter very kindly opened the gate and invited him to take the place which was assigned him in heaven. The husband stood still to consider, after which he thought it prudent to ask the saint, whether his wife had not strayed thither? The porter answering him in the affirmative, the good man was satisfied. He immediately took to his heels, and ran directly to h—, choosing rather to leave paradise, where his wife was, who would not have failed to have rendered it a place of misery. Now, if *good women*, especially those who are reported such, are enough to make a man run away from heaven, what must the *bad ones* be in the lower regions?

A gentleman in a certain coffee-house, express'd his astonishment that the m——y should obtain a pardon for M^cQuirk, when it is universally known and acknowledged, that the said M^cQuirk had a design upon the CROWN.

N. B. *M^cQuirk killed Mr. Clarke by a blow on the head with a bludgeon.*

An Irishman, speaking of the persons who attended Mr. Lutterell to Brentford at the election, said, "That he himself counted at least two hundred *freeholders* who had no right to vote.

An English gentleman observing at Mrs. Cornelly's, that the people of this country were, in general, the very opposite to the people of France; a Frenchman of quality, with whom he was conversing, replied, "That is very true, for
with

“ with us no people are in disgrace, but those
 “ *turned out of employment*, and with you nobody
 “ is so contemptible and so much abused as
 “ those *turned into places*.”

An honest kind of woman, who had the misfortune to be married to an husband who turned out a notorious housebreaker, sometimes expostulated with him, and, begged he would live a life of industry, and discontinue his vicious courses. “ Consider, says, she, Providence *sees*
 “ all your actions, and will certainly *over-take*
 “ you sooner or later. “ I don’t care who *sees*
 “ or *over-takes* me, replied he, if I can but escape
 “ the vigilance of the watchmen, and justice
 “ Fielding’s thief-takers.”

A person in company would insist upon it that, the *present lord chancellor was dead*.

A man, without receiving any affront, struck another a blow on the face, and afterwards fought with three men who were all larger than himself, and overcame them all. A person present observed, that he was a very *strong* man, another insisted up it that he was a *weak* man; a wager, however, ensued, and it was decided by the company, that he was a weak man; otherwise he would not have struck another without having received any affront or injury.

A fire lately happened at a pawn broker’s shop, and, as usual, a number of pilferers were busy at their harvest; one of them was stopt with a suit of clothes under his arm, which he was
 running

running away with, and ask'd what business he had with them? "I am, says he, only redeeming some clothes that I pawn'd here yesterday." A person present replied, "If this is your method of redemption, you merit a halter instead of salvation."

Another person at the same fire, was flopt with a bible under his arm, his excuse was that, "he was a methodist, and could not bear the thoughts of having the word of God burnt."

A taylor, having mended a pair of breeches for one of his customers, was carrying them home, when he saw a funeral pass by, attended in the procession by an apothecary whom he knew. — "So, master, says he to the apothecary, I see you are going to carry your work home too, as well as I."

In Wiltshire, where the farmers keep a number of sheep, there lived an honest thrifty swain, near the famous plain of Salisbury, on which he fed his woolly flock. His teeming wife bore him eight sons, and half a dozen daughters; and if children may be deem'd a blessing, there was not a happier man in the county than he was. The good old man who was a foe to idleness, took care to find out some useful employ for every one of his children: At length he began to grow rich, which being reported about the country, he presently got husbands for all his daughters, except one, and wives and farms for all his sons: His daughter Sally continued with him, and though she was about fifteen, and as fine a girl

as

as ever was beheld, and excelled all her other sisters, with regard to the beauty of her person, her understanding was weak, and whatever business she was set about she was too silly to perform it. This gave the father some uneasiness, as he could not think of any method to make her useful to the family: At length, however, he determined to put a scrip and a bottle by her side, and send her to Salisbury-plain to guard the sheep. She had not been long there before she fell fast asleep, and the flock of course wandered here and there as if they had no shepherd. The old farmer scolded her for her want of care, but all to no purpose, for the next day she did the same thing, and several of the sheep were lost. The father was very uneasy at what had happened, and try'd a thousand ways to make her careful, but without success. At last he told her, that if she went to sleep again, the ravens would come and pick her eyes out. Poor Sally trembled for her eyes, and was afraid to sit down for fear she should fall asleep; she therefore laid down upon her back, and threw up her petticoat and gown over her face, and was so particularly careful to guard her eyes, that she left the lower parts entirely bare. Whilst she lay in this situation, chance brought a youthful swain that way, who, quite astonished at so uncommon a sight, stood a considerable time to admire her charms. He knew, by the gown and apron she had on, that it was Sally, and he had long been enamour'd of her, though, as she was reckoned a simple girl, he did not choose to be united to her for life. But now, seeing how the fair one laid, he could not long resist the temptation,

temptation, but, fired with gazing on her charms, he did the same as many of my readers would do in the same situation. The idiot waked, with great surprize, fearing the raven was endeavouring to get at her eyes; but when she found that they were perfectly safe, she began to laugh very heartily, and did not utter a single word of complaint, but stammering said, "You graceless bird, you have miss'd your aim; you are extremely welcome to nibble at *that part* as long as you please, and I shall never squall or squeak if your beak does not reach to my eyes."

Mr. Moody, in the character of the Irish gentleman at the Jubilee, said, he had been travelling up and down, all round the town at Stratford upon Avon, to endeavour to find a bit of supper and a bed, but the devil a *toothful* could he get of either.

One evening, a gentleman very much in liquor, was leaning against a post in Cheapside; a fellow coming by at the same time, seeing he was in such a situation that he could not pursue him, snatched his hat off his head and ran away with it. Another of the same fraternity, at a little distance, saw what had happened, and told the gentleman that a man had stole his hat and run away with it, and asked him why he did not run after him? "I am so damn'd drunk, says he, that I can hardly stand, and therefore I cannot run after him." "If that's the case, said the other, I may safely venture to steal your wig;" which he immediately took from the gentleman's

gentleman's head, got clear off, and left the old toper bare-headed, hugging the post, and lamenting the loss of his hat and wig.

A taylor's apprentice was sent home with a suit of cloaths to a gentleman, who the foreman told him always gave a shilling upon those occasions; and, as that was the foreman's perquisite, charged the boy not to cheat him by pretending he had not received so much. When the boy arrived at the gentleman's house, and delivered the cloaths, he made him a present of only six-pence. The boy was highly chagrined at this disappointment, imagining the foreman should apprehend he had pocketed half what he had received. He therefore thought of this droll expedient, "Sir," "says he to the gentleman who gave him the six-pence, "I wish you would give me two six-pences for a shilling." He readily consented, but when he had given the boy the change, he presented him with the six-pence he had received from him. "Why this is only six-pence," says the gentleman, "You are mistaken, Sir, replied the boy, it must be a shilling, for our foreman says, you always give a shilling." The gentleman was so pleased with the archness of the boy, that he gave him half a crown instead of a shilling.

A tradesman in the city of London, missed his Prentice, and enquired what was became of him, the man's daughter told him he was gone up stairs; the good man who had before suspected that the apprentice was too intimate with his wife, went up stairs and found him in his mis-

trell's dressing room—"You rascal, says he, what do you do here?"—"My mistress, replied he, called to me, and said she wanted a *brush*; and *I have just given her a brush*:"—"That's all, indeed," Sir, and I hope there's no harm in that."

A person was lamenting the degeneracy of the times, and in particular observed, that the women had lost every sense of modesty; that they could relish an obscene joke, or a double entendre as well as the most abandoned of mankind: He added, that when he was a young man, which was about forty years ago, the behaviour of women was much more decent and praise-worthy. "I don't know how it might be forty years ago," replied another, but the women were worse four thousand years ago than they are now; and in particular that good lady Mrs. Eve, fell in love with the first man she saw, and was so very *indecent* as to admit him to make his addresses to her *when he and she were stark-naked*. What would the prudes say, if this method of courtship was practiced among the moderns?

A gentleman, who was upwards of six feet high, thought he should make a very respectful figure in the army, and therefore purchased a cornet's commission: As he had occasion to be frequently absent upon duty, his wife was not willing to have her duty neglected at home: She therefore took the advantage of his absence to indulge a criminal passion with a young gentleman, who was a neighbour, and who was also intimately acquainted with the husband: One evening, when the cornet was at home, this
you..

young gentleman supped and spent the evening with him and his wife. The military hero, after drinking pretty briskly, began to be full of spirits: In short, he was three-fourths drunk, and boasting much of his prowess, among other things, he said to his companion, that he was a much better man than him in every respect, and with regard to performing the ladies business, he would lay five hundred pounds, that he could please a woman better than him. The wife immediately interrupted him, by begging he would keep his money in his pocket, and added that “ *If he laid five millions, she was sure he would lose.*”

“ Tell me John, says Jemmy Twitcher, what is the reason, that a lady, if you attempt to take hold of a particular part below the apron string, will always fret, frown, and push his hand away?” “ The reason is plain, answered John, for every woman knows that a hand has no business there, but if a proper member were applied to the part, it would meet with a very different reception.”

One day a justice of the quorum, after being fatigued with business upon the bench, went to the tavern to recruit his spirits a little. But before he began to drink, he put his spectacles upon his snout, and was going to read the newspapers. But having a pressing occasion to make water, he thought proper to proceed upon that business before he began to read. He still had his spectacles on, and as he was advancing towards the chamber-pot, the maid entered the

room, and seeing the justice had got a very *small affair* in hand, she jeeringly said to him, “ Your
 “ honour is in the right to wear spectacles when
 “ you are hunting after such little trifles—’tis a
 “ very small print indeed, why don’t you make
 “ use of a magnifying glass, and then you’ll
 “ look like a man.”

A young lady, who was remarkable for her modesty, was walking by the side of a river; and being very near the brink, the ground gave way, and she fell in: A young man, who was swimming in the river, seeing her in danger, came up to her assistance; and when he arrived within arms-length, she immediately caught hold of a part of him, which is generally very diminutive, when a man is in the water. In this situation, she having fast hold of the little instrument, he swam with her a considerable way, and in about three minutes landed her safe on shore: A prudish lady of her acquaintance, who saw the transaction, and the imminent danger which she had escaped, asked her, how she could defile her fingers by touching any thing so vile and indelicate. “ Madam, says she, when a person is
 “ drowning, they are glad to catch hold of any
 “ *little twig*: Besides, I have often heard the
 “ ladies say that ’tis an affair which never can
 “ get to *the bottom*; therefore when I had fast
 “ hold of that, I was sure there was no danger
 “ of drowning.”

How foolish and ridiculous it is to say, that whatever peoples thoughts are employed upon all day, they generally dream of the same subjects
 at

at night ; for if that were the case, even the holy nuns, whose meditations are all day fixed upon nothing but heaven, would have the same pious dreams when they were closed in the arms of sleep, which we are sensible is not the fact ; for even the holy nuns have frequently lewd dreams, and some righteous protestants, who hardly ever thought of a crime, have been betrayed by wanton dreams. Honest Hugh of Edinburgh, had married a very virtuous and religious wife, who would not have defiled the marriage-bed upon any consideration. One night, when she was in bed with her husband, she burst out in a loud laughter. The old man, astonished at having his slumbers broke in such an extraordinary manner, begged she would reserve her ill-timed mirth till the morning, and not disturb him in his rest. “ My dear, she cried, my dream “ was so very droll, that I cannot possibly avoid “ laughing at it : I dreamed that a ship had ar- “ rived at Leith, laden with extraordinary mer- “ chandise ; in short I dreamt it was freighted “ with a certain commodity that you men wear “ about you, and that the captain was selling “ them out by the bushel. Some of them were “ large, some small, and some of the middle “ size : But I, who was fond of the largest, “ picked out a bushel of the prime ones.” “ That “ was wisely done, answered Hugh, but pray “ did you see any one among them that was “ equal to mine.” “ Equal to yours, replied “ the wife laughing ! yours is not to be com- “ pared to them ; for while I was choosing mine, “ I threw above a peck overboard, that were a “ thousand times better than yours.”

SCOTCH ENTHUSIASM.

Mr. John Welch, a Scotch presbeterian, prayed as follows: ‘ Lord we are come hither, a pack of
 ‘ poor beggars of us this day, give alms to the poor
 ‘ blind here, for God’s sake, that never saw the
 ‘ light of the gospel; alms to the poor deaf here,
 ‘ that never heard the joyful sound; to the poor
 ‘ cripples that have their legs, the covenant
 ‘ broken by the bishops, Lord pity the poor
 ‘ deaf here that never heard the joyful sound;
 ‘ to the poor cripples that have their legs, the
 ‘ covenant broken by the bishops. Lord pity
 ‘ the poor kirk this day, poor woman, sad is she,
 ‘ Lord, send her a lift, and G—d confound that
 ‘ filthy bitch, that gumbal’d whore, the whore
 ‘ of Babylon.’

One Mr. Hustone, another Scotch preacher said, ‘ Lord give us grace, for if thou give us
 ‘ not grace, we shall not give thee glory, and
 ‘ who will win by that, Lord?’

Another ignorant Scotch preacher said, ‘ Good
 ‘ Lord, what have ye been doing all this time,
 ‘ where have ye been this thirty years?—What
 ‘ good have you done to your poor kirk in Scot-
 ‘ land, that has been so many years spur-gal’d
 ‘ with Anti-christ’s riding her; she has been so
 ‘ long lying on her back, and sadly defiled; and
 ‘ many a good lift have we lent her: To be free
 ‘ with you, Lord, we have done many things
 ‘ for thee that never enter’d into thy noddle,
 ‘ and yet we are content that thou take all the
 ‘ glory; is not that fair and kind?’

‘ O.

‘ O G—d, thou has bidden us pray for kings,
 ‘ and yet they have been always very trouble-
 ‘ some to thy kirk, and very troublesome com-
 ‘ pany, L—d; either make them good, or make
 ‘ us quit of their company. They say that this
 ‘ new king thou hast sent us, takes the sacra-
 ‘ ment kneeling, and from the hand of a bishop :
 ‘ Ah ! that’s black, that’s foul work : L—d de-
 ‘ liver him from papacy and prelacy from a
 ‘ Dutch conscience, and from the hard-hearted-
 ‘ nefs of the Stuarts ; and let us never be en-
 ‘ countered again with the bag and baggage of
 ‘ the family, the black band of bishops, to trouble
 ‘ and lord it over thy church and heritage. Good
 ‘ L—d, send back our old King of poor Scot-
 ‘ land, restore him to his throne and dignity,
 ‘ to his absolute power and supremacy, from
 ‘ which he has been so long and so unjustly
 ‘ banished : L—d you ken what King I mean,
 ‘ I do not mean King James, nay forsooth I do
 ‘ not mean him ; I mean sweet King Jesus, that
 ‘ has been long kept out of this his own cove-
 ‘ nanted kingdom, by the bishops and godless
 ‘ act of supremacy. L—d I have many more
 ‘ tales to tell you, and many sad complaints to
 ‘ make of our governors and great men, but I
 ‘ must refer them all ’till you and I be more at
 ‘ leisure.’

Mr. Areskine praying in Trou-Church at Ed-
 inburgh, said, ‘ L—d have mercy on all fools
 ‘ and idiots ; and particularly on the magistrates
 ‘ of Edinburgh.’

Another

Another, imprecating (as is very common amongst them) said L—d give thy enemies the papists, a full cup of thy fury to drink ; and if they refuse to drink it off, then good L—d give them another cup full.

Mr. John Dickinson praying for grace, said,
 ‘ L—d dibble thou the kail-seed of thy grace in
 ‘ our hearts, and if we grow not up to good
 ‘ kail, L—d make us good sprouts at least.’

Another prayed, ‘ L—d thou hast said that he
 ‘ is worse than an infidel that provides not for
 ‘ his own family : Give us not reason to say this
 ‘ of thee L—d ; for we are thine own family, and
 ‘ yet we have been but scurvily provided for of a
 ‘ long time.’

Another, who was preaching against the giddiness of women, said thus : ‘ Behold the vanity
 ‘ of women, look to them, you’ll see first a fat-
 ‘ tin petticoat ; lift that there is a flannel petti-
 ‘ coat ; lift that there is a holland smarch ;
 ‘ (*smock*) lift that and there you will see what
 ‘ they ought not to be proud of, that’s no very
 ‘ cleanly spectacle ; Eve was not so vain, she
 ‘ sought no covering but fig-leaves.’

It is very well known in Perthshire, that one of their rabbies preaching at St. Johnstone, a little before the battle of Killickrankie, upon these words, *resist the devil and he will fly you* ; he begins very gravely after this manner ; ‘ my be-
 ‘ loved, you are all here this day even for the
 ‘ fashion’s cause, but ken not who is amongst
 ‘ you

‘ you the day? Even the maikle-horn’d devil,
 ‘ though you cannot see him, yet I do; I see
 ‘ him, Sirs, by the eye of faith; but you’ll
 ‘ say, now that we have him here, what shall
 ‘ we do with him, Sirs? What way will you
 ‘ destroy him? Some of you will say, we will
 ‘ hang him; ha! ha! my beloved, there are
 ‘ not so many tows in all the parish as would
 ‘ hang him; besides, he is as light as a feather.
 ‘ What then will ye do with him for he will not
 ‘ hang. Then some of you will say, we will
 ‘ drown him—my beloved, there is too much
 ‘ cork in his arse, he’s as souple as an eel, he
 ‘ will not sink. Others of you will say, we
 ‘ will burn him—Na! na! Sirs, ye may scald
 ‘ yourselves, but ye cannot burn him, for all
 ‘ the fire in hell, could never yet singe a hair on
 ‘ his tail. Now, Sirs, ye cannot find a way a-
 ‘ mong you all to kill him, but I will find it;
 ‘ what way will this be, Sirs? We shall even
 ‘ shoot him. Wherewith shall we shoot him?
 ‘ We shall shoot him with the bible. Now,
 ‘ Sirs, I shall shoot him presently, so (*presenting*
 ‘ *the bible as soldiers do their muskets*) he cries out
 ‘ *touff, touff, touff*. Now he is shot, there lies
 ‘ the foul thief as dead a haren.’

One Mr. Thomas Ramsay, said in a sermon—
 ‘ The politician will go twenty miles to bear a
 ‘ gentleman preaching. Secondly, the gal-
 ‘ lant, give him a glass of wine to drink, and
 ‘ give him a lady to kiss, and what cares he for
 ‘ preaching. Thirdly, for the ignorant man, give
 ‘ him a cogful of brose to his belly, and a pair
 ‘ of

‘ of breks to his arse, what cares he for preaching?’

One Mr. Shields, preaching at Barthwark, said, ‘ Many had religion in the day, but will have none in the morn, their religion was soon gone like a woman’s virginity.’

Mr. Kirkton, preaching in his meeting-house in the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, adduced several instances of the poverty of righteous people; amongst others, he had this very remarkable one: ‘ Brethren, says he, criticks with their frim-frams, may imagine a hundred reasons for Abraham’s going out of the land of Caldea, but I will tell you what was always my opinion, I believe Abraham, poor man, was forced to run out of the land of Judea for debt.’

One preaching in Preston-Pans, about Joshua’s making the sun stand still, resolving to make a very learned discourse, began thus: ‘ Sir, you’ll perhaps ask me how Joshua could make the sun to stand still? To that I answer, it was by shifting the motion of the *primum mobili*, commonly called ‘the zodiack line; but as to the *quomodo*, its no great matter; but that the story was true, we have reason to believe from the heathen writers; for it was told by them *for a base bawdy tale*, how *Jupiter* made a night as long as two, that he might get a longer time to lie with *Alcmena*.’

Mr. James Kirkton, preaching on Jezabel, said, ‘ That well favour’d whore; what became
‘ of

‘ of her, Sirs? She fell over a window, arse
 ‘ over head; and her black bottom was discover-
 ‘ ed; you may all guess what the beholder saw,
 ‘ beloved a black sight you may be sure.’

A quaker from New England, happened to be
 at Rome when the Pope was invested, and seeing
 him in all his pomp, said, ‘ His master walked
 ‘ humbly, and made no such figure.’ A jesuit
 ‘ whispered him, ‘ That the first planters of any
 ‘ scheme seldom thrive, though their successors
 ‘ grow rich.’

A quaker, who had been sued at law by a
 neighbour, and who came off second best at the
 trial, was determined to be revenged of his ad-
 versary. One day he accidentally met him, and
 accosted him in very civil terms, ‘ Friend, said
 ‘ he, thee and I have had some little misunder-
 ‘ standing together, but as matters are now ad-
 ‘ justed, I hope we shall not continue at vari-
 ‘ ance. Wilt thou dine with me to-day? I shall
 ‘ be very glad of thy company to partake of
 ‘ what my table affords.’ The other readily
 consented, but before the quaker took him into
 the room where they were to dine, he heated the
 wrong end of the poker almost red hot, but not
 quite; and, taking it out, placed it in its proper
 situation by the side of the fire. He then ushered
 in his friend, but before he had been there half a
 minute; ‘ Friend, said Aminadab, as thou sittest
 ‘ next the fire, I should be obliged to thee if
 ‘ thou wouldst stir it.’ The other, not suspect-
 ing the trap that was laid for him, innocently
 took up the poker, and burnt his hand in a most
 shocking

shocking manner. It is impossible to conceive the rage into which he was thrown by this revengeful artifice, and he abused the quaker in the grossest manner, though not so much as he deserved. The quaker made no other answer than this: ‘ Friend, *thou art only burnt in the hand,* and that thou has deserved these many years.’

A previous meeting of the common council being to be held at the Half-Moon in Cheap-side, one of the old wither’d aldermen, said to a young common council, ‘ What subject shall you be upon to night? I shall be upon a subject, replied he, that you have not been able to handle these twenty years,—I shall be *upon my wife.*’ The alderman replied, ‘ That’s a subject that I can *handle* as well as ever I could, but the misfortune is, *I can only handle it.*’

Last night died, at his apartments in Old-Bond-street, after an illness of six days, which he bore with the most perfect resignation, the Lap-dog of a lady of distinction. On Sunday last he caught a very violent cold, by having been left upwards of four hours in a damp closet, through the carelessness of a foot-boy. When released from the closet, his whole frame was in the most dreadful tremor; upon which he was put to bed, and many nutritives were given him, but without effect, for he could keep nothing on his stomach; however, the tremor gradually abated; and on Monday Dr. Hill’s Bardana was applied, but no relief was found even from this celebrated remedy; on Tuesday he was exceedingly

ingly coſtly, upon which ſome laxatives were adminiſtered, and on Wednesday he evacuated plentifully; on Thursday he was conſiderably better, and ſeemed in a fair way of recovery; but yeſterday he relapſed, and expired as above-mentioned. The foot-boy was carried before juſtice F——, who committed him till the coroner's inqueſt ſhould determine whether the lad was guilty of murder, or *manſlaughter*,

Two perſons in company laid a wager which of them could reach the higheſt; a third, who was remarkable for tricking and taking in the unwary in the way of buſineſs, got up and propoſed a bet of two bottles to one, that he could reach higher than either of them. One of them replied, with a ſneer; ' Yes, Sir, we all know perfectly well that you can *over-reach* any of us.'

There lived in Briſtol, a gentleman who was ſo remarkably thin that he generally went by the appellation of *Skeleton*. (One evening he was ſeized with a very amorous fit, and purſuing the maid into the cellar, he attempted to be rude with her: His wife ſuſpecting what was going forwards below ſtairs, ſtole ſlily down at the time her huſband was expreſſing himſelf to the maid, in theſe words: ' You are ſo tempting that *fleſh and blood* cannot withſtand it.' The wife immediately replied; ' If *fleſh and blood* cannot withſtand it, I think *ſkin and bones* might.'

A perſon ſpeaking in commendation of his abſent friend, ſaid, he was an *honeſt man*, and a
E
very

very good *dyer*. Another observed that, if he was an honest man he was *fit to dye*. Very true, replied the other, if a man is not a good liver he is not *fit to dye*. A third person remarked, that if he had regularly served an apprenticeship, he had a right to say with the Apostle, '*I dye daily*.' An Irishman put in his oar.—'Devil burn me, my dear, says he, there is some *colour* for what you say about *dying*, for a man that is bred and born to be a *dyer*, has a right to *dye* every day of his life, or else how can *he live* ?'

A gentleman, who has favoured the public with an elegant translation of the works of Anacreon, saw some time afterwards another translation of the same auther advertised to be published. He hastened to a bookseller to purchase it, and, perusing a few pages, thought it much inferior to his own. 'Pray, Sir, says he, to the bookseller, what is this gentleman, who has given to the world a new translation of Anacreon? He is a *brewer*, replied old Quarto.'—If that's the case, says the other, we must give him *some grains of allowance*.'

A young fellow, making an attempt upon the chastity of a young girl, among other protestations declared he would marry her the next day, if she complied with his request. The young woman strenuously refused to gratify his wishes. 'Your *scruples*, said he, to a man that loves you as I do, are weak and frivolous, and have no weight. They are such *scruples*, replied she, as shall out-weigh many *drams* of your impudence and impertinence.'

When

When the debates were at the greatest warmth in the House of L—d's, some time ago, the witty lord P——t, perceiving the lights were very dim, made a very formal motion 'to have the candles snuffed, in order to throw some *light* upon the subject.'

A person, in company with a ceremonious acquaintance of his, said, '*Cere-mony* was the worst money that ever was coin'd and circulated.' The other replied, 'But you must allow it to be *current*.' True, resumed the first, 'But it is not *sterling*.'

Description of a wonderful OLD MAN.

There was an old man and, tho' it's not common,
Yet, if he said true, he was born of a woman,
And tho' it's incredible, yet I've been told,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Whene'er he was hungry, he long'd for some
meat,
And if he could get it, 'twas said he could eat:
When thirsty he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,
And his liquor most commonly ran down his
throat.

Derry down, &c.

He seldom or never could see without light,
And yet I've been told he could hear in the night.
He has oft' been awake in the day-time, 'tis said,
And has fallen asleep as he lay in his bed.

Derry down, &c.

'Tis

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he
 talk'd,
 And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when he
 walk'd,
 And his gait was so odd, had you seen him you'd
 burst,
 For one leg or to'ther would always be first.
 Derry down, &c.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,
 For if 'twas not wash'd, it was seldom quite clean,
 His teeth he expos'd when he happen'd to grin,
 And his mouth stood a-cross 'twixt his nose and
 his chin.
 Derry down, &c.

When this whimsical chap had a river to pass,
 If he could not get over, he'd stay where he was;
 'Tis said he ne'er ventur'd to quit the dry ground,
 Yet so great was his luck, that he never was
 drown'd.
 Derry down, &c.

'Mongst other strange things that beset this good
 yeoman,
 He was married, poor soul! and his wife was a
 woman!
 Unless by that lyer, Miss Fame we're beguil'd,
 We may roundly affirm he was never with child.
 Derry down, &c.

At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,
 And then, as folks said, he was not very well,
 But what was more strange in so weak a condi-
 tion,
 As he could not give fees, he could get no phy-
 sician.
 Derry down, &c.
 What

What wonder he dy'd ! yet 'tis said that his death,
 Was occasion'd at last by the want of his breath ;
 But peace to his bones, which in ashes now
 moulder,
 Had he liv'd a day longer he'd have been a day
 older, Derry down, &c.

A gentleman meeting a friend of his in the street, asked him to go home and dine with him :
 ' I am in a kind of dishabille, answered the
 ' other, or I should have no objection. Pshaw !
 ' replied the first, don't urge that as an excuse,
 ' for I have no company but what you are inti-
 ' mately acquainted with :—I shall have nobody
 ' at my table, but my old friend *Bacon* and Mr.
 ' *Green* and Mrs. *Green*. If you have nothing
 ' but *bacon and greens*, resumed the other, you
 ' shall have none of my company at dinner, for
 ' I have a particular aversion to that dish.'

A person who lives at the bottom of Snow-
 hill has these words over his door, *Thomas Wilson*
from ABOVE. A countryman observing it, said,
 ' These Londoners want to hum us countrymen,
 ' and to make us think that some of them came
 ' down from the clouds, but we are not quite
 ' so foolish as they think for. I rather think he
 ' came from *below*, as you and I did.

The church-warden of St. Sepulchres caused
 a board to be affixed to the church, with these
 words. ' Take notice, that whoever shall pre-
 ' sume to throw any dust or rubbish in this
 ' church-yard shall be procecuted.'—Notwith-
 standing this caution, a poor man was soon after

detected emptying a basket of dirt on the premises, and was taken into custody.—‘ Don’t you see, said the church-warden, the *notice* that is stuck up against the wall.—The culprit made this reply ; you see, Sir, that your NOTICE is stuck up at least seven feet high, therefore I hope you’ll excuse me, because, says he, (pointing up to the board) *I am below your notice.*’ This arch reply put the church-warden into a good humour, and the offender was forgiven.

A woman, whose husband was in a high fever, was ask’d by a neighbour how he did ? I hope he’ll recover, said she. ‘ I hope he will not recover, replied the wife, for if he does I shall soon be with child again, and I think I have children enough already. He has been a very bad husband to me, therefore I hope he’ll *mend*, but I don’t wish he may *re-cover*.

Mr. Daniel G——n, a man celebrated for his humour, being once at Bristol, invited no less than six quakers (all of whom he had dealings with) to sup with him at his inn. Presently after supper, some of the friends who had heard of the fame of Mr. G——, were anxious to have a song from him ; but it being inconsistent with their plan of purity, to request so profane a favour, they went an indirect way to work, ‘ Friend Daniel, said one, dost not thee sometime amuse *thyself* with singing a song ?’ I do, says Daniel. ‘ Then if thou art inclined, resumed old Broad-Brim, to amuse *thyself* after that manner now, we shall not oppose thee.’
After

After repeated hints of this kind, which in fact amounted to a direct invitation, Daniel began to amuse himself with singing, agreeable to their request, at which the friends appeared to be as agreeably amused as he was. It is necessary to observe that this happened on a Saturday night, and the clock struck *twelve* just as Dan had sung about three verses of that very modest song called, ‘*Hast thou not seen a book called Tristram Shandy, ma’am?*’ Daniel paused, and being a very righteous man, expressed some scruples of conscience, saying he did not choose to proceed as it was then *Sunday-Morning*. ‘Thou may’st finish thy song, friend’ Daniel, replied one of the broad-brims, for ‘*I can assure thee that clock goes five minutes too fast.*’

A gentleman, at a venison-feast, said he had made a noble discovery; for he had found out the very best *cut* in the whole haunch. ‘Have you, said another eagerly, pray tell me where it is? Not for fifty pounds, replied the first, that’s too valuable a secret to be revealed whilst I am a lover of venison’.

A quaker, driving in a single horse chaise, up a green-lane that leads from Newington-Green to Hornsey, happen’d to meet with a young blood, who was also in a single horse-chaise. There was not room enough for them to pass each other, unless one of them would back his carriage, which they both refused. ‘I’ll not make way for you, says the blood, d—n my eyes if I will. I think I am older than thou art, said the quaker, and therefore I have a right to expect thee

‘thee to make way for me.’—I won’t dam me, resumed the first. He then pulled out a newspaper, and began to read, as he sat still in his chaise; the quaker observing him, pulled a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and with a conveniency which he carried about him, struck a light, illuminated his pipe, and sat and fumed away very comfortably.—‘Friend, said he, to the young blood, *when thou hast read that paper through, I should be glad if thou wouldst lend it me.*’ My young gentleman, seeing the obstinacy of the quaker was not to be overcome, prudently made way for him, but not till after he had favour’d him with a few oaths, curses, and imprecations.

Upon the motion of the patriots, in a certain great assembly, to *defer* their enquiry into the *state of the nation*, on account of their necessary attendance at the Lord Mayor’s (*Beckford’s*) Ball, a person of wit observed, that they were like the politicians in the REHEARSAL; one says;

And now to serious council let’s advance:

The other says,

I do agree;—but first, let’s have a dance.

An advertisement lately appeared in the newspapers, offering good encouragement to any lady and gentlemen that should choose to exhibit in the theatrical way; and those who were properly qualified, were desired to join a company of comedians at Hartford. ‘At Hartford!’ says a person,

person, who read the advertisement, ‘ What the devil can a company of comedians *get* at Hartford?’—Get! ‘ Why they may *get* in debt, replied another, if any body will trust them.’

It was said that Lord M—— (a nobleman who cannot be said to be the idol of the people) was ashamed of what he had said and *hung his head* in a certain great assembly. The next time *he hangs his head*, said another, ‘ I hope he will put a rope about his neck.’

A gentleman offered to make his friend a present of a head of Lord B——, the other (who was a Bill of Rights Man) said he was a lover of the sciences, and should be glad to see a head of Lord B——, or even Lord H——d, if they were *well executed*.

F—— N——, because he could bellow and carry every thing almost his own way in the Court of King’s B——, thought he should be able to cut a figure in the Court of Chancery; but he presently perceived that *equity* was not his fort, and that it was a practice he was totally unacquainted with; he therefore return’d to *his old practice* in the Court of King’s B——.

One Mr. Cooke, an attorney in the Temple, as he was once playing at romps with his laundress whose name was *Littleton*, they both fell down upon the floor, and the laundress very naturally fell under her master. A barrister accidentally coming in and seeing them in this situation, said, *This is the best edition of Cooke upon Littleton that I have*

have ever seen, but it would have been better had it been in sheets.

A methodist was giving a neighbour of his a lecture against swearing; assuring him that if he disregarded his admonition, and persisted in that wicked practice, he would certainly go to hell when he died. *If I do I'll be damn'd*, replied the other.

A young country farmer being at market, saw a young woman who was a near neighbour of his at a village about three miles from the market town. After the usual salutations of, *How d'ye do, John? And how d'ye do, Mary?* Wereover, they agreed to accompany each other home. John had a live pig under his arm, and Mary had a large empty butter crock. They had a solitary wood to pass through, and when they had advanced almost to the middle of it, Mary lagged behind. John asked her the reason for walking so slow, and keeping at such a distance. Indeed John, said she, I am afraid to come near you, now we are in the wood, for who knows but some wicked thoughts may enter your head, and you may attempt to be rude, now we are in such a retired place that no-body can discover us. How could you think of any such thing? Replied John, I have not the least intention to be rude;—besides, says he, you know I have a live pig under my arm, and have not it in my power to attempt to do what you mean. Ah! but you men, when you have a mind to gratify your wicked will, can always think of methods and schemes to bring it to bear.

‘ bear. How did I know but you might put the pig under the butter-crock, and then be naughty enough to lay me down upon the crock. Such things have been done when men have been wantonly inclined.’ John took the hint, conveyed the pig under the crock, and she upon it : In which situation, I left them, and though I dare not express it, can easily conceive how they amused themselves afterwards.

A journeyman in Fleet-street was complaining to Jenny his fellow-servant, that he had come to a resolution to leave his master, for he was so proud, arrogant, and ill-natured, that there was no bearing him. I do not like these *stiff fellows*, continued he. ‘ How you and I differ in opinion, replied Jenny, now, *I like him, because he is stiff.*’

A person was lamenting that he was frequently afflicted with a violent bleeding at the nose ; an Irishman present said, ‘ The best thing you can do will be to *lose a little blood.*

An Irishman called out of a three pair of stairs window, to a friend of his whom he saw in the street, and desired him to come up stairs ; the other excused himself, and said he could not possibly spare time. ‘ What, said the honest teague, ‘ because I have had misfortunes, and am *low in the world*, you are *above coming up* to see me. ‘ When I was in affluence, and lived upon a ground-floor, you condescended to visit me ; but now my indigent circumstances oblige me to live up in a garret, you *look down upon me.*’

A

A person who was reading the plan of the annuitant society, for the *annual provision* of widows, made this objection; ‘ Suppose a man should leave a young widow behind him, an *annual provision* will not be sufficient for her; therefore the members should give her a supply *once a week at least, instead of once a year.*

Mr. Isaacs the Jew, who was lately made a bankrupt, borrowed five hundred pounds of a person the very day before he failed. The person who had lent him the money, as soon as he saw his name in the Gazette, went to abuse him for defrauding him of so large a sum in so scandalous a manner, when, he knew he must become a bankrupt in so short a time. The Jew bade him be quiet, for, says he, ‘ I tink you ave de obligations to me, for *begar* ven I did ask you for de five ondred pounds, my credit was so grande in de vatlde, that if I had ask’d you for more dan a tousand pounds you would ave let me ad it vid all your art.—So old your tongue, and be tankful.’

A gentleman went in an hired coach to visit Mr. Foote, when he lived at West-end, near Hampstead. After the usual salutations were over, he told Mr. Foote the motion of the coach had had a remarkable effect upon him, and given him a violent fit of the *Horn-Cholic*. Mr. Foote, who perfectly understood what he meant by the *Horn-Cholic*, desired he would not acquaint his wife with the circumstance. ‘ If you do, continued he, *she will insist upon your keeping your carriage.*

The

The same facetious gentleman, was relating in company that his friend Mr. M——y the council, and Mr. serjeant Wh—tt—er, sat out together upon the circuit in a post-chaise; but as they were not so eminent as they are now, they met with so little encouragement, that they could not afford to return in the same manner; therefore *serjeant Wh—tt—er, came back in a stage-coach and M——y in the basket.*

A lady, who once paid a visit to Mr. Foote, at his house at West-end, near Hampstead, express'd great satisfaction on viewing the garden, and its environs; and was remarkable well pleased with a *fine piece of water*, as she called it, at the bottom of the garden; though in fact it was little more than a ditch. ' Pray Mr. Foote, says the lady, how do you get this canal supplied with water?' ' Madam, replied the humourist, *my maids empty their chamber-pots in it every morning.*'

It is said that a lady of pleasure, who lives in George-street, and is the daughter of a quack-doctor, that publishes medicines for the cure of a certain disorder, never grants any gentleman the favour, without stipulating in her agreement, that if they happen to receive an injury, they shall deal with her papa.

An Epitaph upon the unlamented death of a talkative Old Maid.

Here lyeth the body of M. B. spinster, aged forty-three, who, on the tenth day of August, 1764, became silent.

Attornies are to lawyers, what apothecaries are to physicians,—only they do not deal in *scruples*.

A certain theatrical wag, on being informed that lord G——r was to be created a D—e, to wipe away the shame of being a cuck—ld, said, if he had been created a D—e some time ago, this terrible accident might have been prevented, for then she could not have been led astray, because she would have been entitled to *her grace*.

A young gentleman having spent all the money which he had brought with him from a neighbouring kingdom, made a visit to a certain bookseller, with a poem, which he had composed, *In praise of Riches*. The bibliopolist, knowing the value of money better than the poet did, offered him a small sum, but a sum not at all inadequate to the intrinsic merit of the piece presented to him—The poet pocketed the *five shillings*, but being determined to keep up the dignity of the *gentleman* at the same time, said, ‘ This is a trifle, Sir, but I write meerly for my amusement—were I to *live* by writing I find I should *starve*.’

A citizen’s wife, who was apt to tipple a little sometimes, was one summer evening walking out with her husband to take an airing. They had not gone far before the sky appeared very cloudy, and a shower was expected. ‘ It rains my dear,’ said the wife. ‘ Not yet, my dear,’ replied the husband; ‘ but I fancy it will not be long first. Indeed, my Johnny, the wife,

‘ it rains now, for I have just this minute held
 ‘ up my face, and a drop *fell into my eye*. You
 ‘ may imagine so,’ said the husband, ‘ but, give
 ‘ me leave to tell you, that *you had a drop in your*
 ‘ *eye before you came from home.*’

Solon was the person who granted a power to parents of putting their children to death. Who was it that gave them authority to condemn their daughters to a nunnery?

I was acquainted once with a gallant soldier, who assured me that his only measure of courage was this :

Upon the first fire, in an engagement, he immediately looked upon himself as *a dead man*. He then bravely fought out the remainder of the day, perfectly regardless of all manner of danger, as became *a dead man*.

So that all the life or limbs he carried back again to his tent, he reckoned as clear gains—or, as he himself expressed it, *so much saved out of the fire*.

A person who took a bad moidore, went to an assayer to know the real value of it : After it was assayed, it appeared to be worth twenty shillings ; whereupon the assayer said, ‘ *It was a very good bad moidore.*’

An Irish gentleman, in company with some friends at a tavern, hearing a person walking up stairs, offered to lay a wager that he knew who was coming. The wager was accepted and won, for the gentleman whom he had named appear-

ed. ' I was sure I should win, said the honest
' Hibernian, for *I know the voice of his foot.*'

Mr. S—— a gentleman, who was a candidate
to represent a borough in the West, got only one
vote, and his opponent upwards of an hundred.
A person said he wonder'd Mr. S—— did not
demand a scrutiny, as *he lost it but by one.*

The epithets and figures, that some people
make use of in telling a story, are truly ridicul-
ous and laughable. A person once related what
had happened to him in the following words:—

' I was crossing a large field, and when I came
' pretty near the middle, a bull followed me, and
' *roar'd like thunder; I flew like lightning to keep*
' *out of his clutches; and being in such a tedious*
' *hurry in getting over the stile, I tore my breeches,*
' *as if heaven and earth were coming together.*'

The same person speaking of an acquaintance
of his, said, he was a *prodigious little man*, could
walk a *mortal great pace*, that he had a *brave ap-
petite*, and he believed he would live a *deadly long*
time.

A gentleman coming from Dartford in a re-
turn'd post-chaise overtook upon the road, the
celebrated Thomas Tullis, Esq; (commonly
called Jack Ketch) who had been to Maidstone
to put a period to the lives of some of those per-
sons that were no better than they should be.
Soon after they had passed this worthy gentleman,
a young man entreated the post-chaise boy to give
him a lift. 'Have a little patience,' said the
post-

post-boy, (pointing to Mr. Tullis) ‘there’s one
‘ behind *will give you a lift.*’

A person, speaking of another, said, he was
a *bloody good-natured* fellow, that he was *damna-
tion honest*, a *hellish good* husband, and *devilish
charitable* to the poor.

Not long ago, when there was a very high
wind, a convict under sentence of death in New-
gate, said to the Ordinary one morning, ‘I have
‘ not been able to sleep a wink all night, for the
‘ wind has been so high that I was afraid *our
‘ house* would be blown down.’

An Irishman said he was very fond of the
women in general; but that an *African girl* with
whom he got acquainted upon the Gold Coast,
pleased him better than all the rest of the *fair sex*
put together.

A porter said to a gentleman that he met in Pall-
mall—‘Pray, your honour can you tell me where
‘ Mr. Blast lives? Mr. Blast! Blast—did you
‘ say?’ Replied the gentleman; yes, *blast*, *your
honour*, said the porter: This odd connection of
words, though not intended to give any offence,
so irritated the gentleman, that he refused to
give the porter any information.

What peculiar phrases some people have in
conversation! I once went to be amused with
the debates at the Queen’s Arms in Newgate-
street, the president of which made a frequent
and ridiculous use of the words, *What not?*
Speaking of the extravagancy of young tradesmen,

he said, ' Things are got to such a pass now a-days, that every petty tradesman must be continually running to Vaux-hall, Ranelagh, or the Play-houses, and *what not?*—By which means they become acquainted with the infamous women of the town, and contract bad diseases, and *what not?* By these means they destroy their wealth and constitution, and *what not?*—And presently after they get themselves into a Goal, or the Gazette, and *what not?* and perhaps they have a young family at home, exposed to want and beggary, and *what not?* I could not help shewing my approbation of this elegant harrangue, which I did in the following words: ' Mr. President, you are a man of great erudition, ingenuity, genius, and *what not?*'

A friend of mine is as fond of the phrase, *things of that kind*, as Mr. President was of *what not?* The words, *things of that kind*, were terms that he would frequently apply to the most opposite articles. I'll give you a specimen. ' I am very fond,' said he to me, ' of leg of veal or ox-cheek, and *things of that kind*; but I abominably hate roast beef, or boil'd fowl, or tripe, and *things of that kind*. I don't like to see your oratorios, and puppet shews, and *things of that kind*, but I am very fond of comedies and tragedies, and *things of that kind*.' I once proposed to walk with him to Richmond. ' No,' replied he, ' it is too far to walk; let us take a boat or a coach, or *something of that kind*.' He once declared to me that he was quite weary of a single life, and was determined to get married, or *something of that kind*; but if he should happen to express himself

so coarse a manner, to the young lady he should happen to address, she would probably give him a denial, or *something of that kind*.

A prisoner, who was arraign'd at the Old Baily for a highway robbery, said a great deal in his defence, which rather seemed to confirm the proof of his guilt, than answer any other purpose: At the conclusion of his speech he hoped the jury were fully convinced. 'We are convinced, replied the foreman, for your words carry conviction along with them; and I must pay you the compliment to say, that you are open to conviction.'

A gentleman was saying that S— F. N— was not fit for a ch——r, for he not only wanted abilities for that high office, but he was unacquainted with the practice of that court. Besides, a chancellor ought to be an upright man, continued he, but he is a d—rty fellow, and capable of any thing. 'Now have you destroyed your own argument,' replied another, 'for if he is capable of any thing, he is certainly capable of holding the S——s.'

A person in company said to another, you are a damn'd scoundrel.—The other replied, 'Gentlemen you must not regard what that man says, he is only talking of himself.'

A gentleman, in pursuit of a highwayman that had robbed him, at length gave up the chase, and said he rode so fast it was impossible to overtake him

him ; but I have this satisfaction, continued he, that *justice will overtake him*, if I cannot.

A young gentleman attempting to get into Drury-lane Playhouse, found there was such a crowd of people that there was no room. Just without the door, a damsel of the town accosted him with ‘ can’t you *get in*, Sir ? ’ To which he replied in the negative. ‘ If you’ll go along with me, resumed she, you may *get in* very easily, for I can furnish you with *very good standing room*. ’

When Mr. Heidegger was formerly master of the public amusements, he declared he gain’d more by one *ridotto* than two masquerades ; for he said at the *former*, ladies with difficulty could be perswaded even to sip a glass of wine, but with *masks on*, *the same people would drink a bottle*.

Dryden’s translation of Virgil being commended by a Right Revd. Bishop, a witty Earl said, ‘ the original is indeed excellent, but every thing suffers by a translation, except a *Bishop*. ’

Some time before L—d H——d’s trip to the continent, when the *public defaulter* was the general subject of conversation, as he, his lady, and second son were in the coach going to H—d House, my lord asked his son jocosely, ‘ What the world thought of him. ’ The other excused himself for some time, observing he might be angry with him if he told him the truth, which the other assured him he should not, let it be what it would : ‘ Why then, Sir (says Mr. F—x) they

‘ they say there is not a greater r—e unhang’d.’ And pray, Sir, (returned the father with great emotion) ‘ where is your spirit not to resent such an injury?’ My Lord, replied the son, ‘ I should by no means want spirit to resent any injury offered my father, as I look upon it the same as to myself; nor should any *single* person dare to mention it with impunity. But surely, my Lord, you would not have me fight *every* body.’

One day last week a country gentleman, possessed of a small estate in Yorkshire, being quite tired of having attended the levee of a certain great man for several years to no purpose, waited on his Lordship to let him know that he would give him no farther trouble, as he had just got a *place*. My Lord shook him heartily by the hand, and told him he was extremely glad of his success, making a thousand apologies at the same time for not having had it in his power to reward him according to his merit.—‘ And pray, Mr. S——, where is your *place*? In the York machine, my Lord; I secured it yesterday, and shall set off to-morrow morning—Your Lordship has entirely cured me of ambition.’

On a witty Lady’s being informed that Lady G——r had been discovered in an affair with the Duke of C——d, the person at the same time observing to her, that her ladyship had some years ago been talked of with the Duke of Y——, and that it proved her a *most disloyal wife*—‘ True, replied the lady, but you must allow it proves her a very *loyal*

‘loyal subject, by shewing her steady attachment to
‘the royal family.’

A physician at Bath lately told Mr. Foote, that he had a mind to publish his poems; but, said he, I have so many irons in the fire, I do not know what to do. ‘Then take my advice,’ said Foote, ‘And put your poems into the fire with
‘the rest of your irons.’

At a certain chapel, not far from St. James’s, a courtly minister, who as Pope says :

‘Never mentions hell to ears polite,’

Was on Ash-Wednesday put greatly to the blush, for his duty compelled him to read the *commination service*, but when he came to pronounce God’s denunciation against adulterers, he humm’d and haw’d, and it was with the utmost difficulty he could read the words, ‘*Cursed is he that lieth with
‘his neighbour’s wife;*’ and the whole congregation were equally polite, for not one of them said *Amen*.

Lord Kaims, in his *Elements of Criticism*, hints, that Brutes might become rational, if the Use of Speech was communicated to them.—Pray, are Parrots or Magpies rational? Women are, we know—but would they be less so, if they spoke less?

It has been remarked, that men are often most strongly attached to women who have not one valuable or amiable quality to recommend them.

The

The argument for which must then be, that if a man happens to fall in love *without reason*, he can never *have any reason* for ceasing to love.

It is an hard case, that the laws should not have made any manner of difference, between *murdering* an honest man, and only *executing* a scoundrel.—I really think that these things should always be rated *ad valorem*.

Pliny says, that the crocodile increases in strength to its latest age, and dies in full vigour.—This would be a good poetical simile for *Avarice*, which

‘ Grows with our Growth, and strengthens
‘ with our *Weakness*.’

A certain nobleman, as famous for his courage as his wit, being a short time since at Mrs. Cornelys’s, having his spectacles on, and looking about for some of his female acquaintance, in despair, thus addressed an old school-fellow of his—‘ Egad, ‘ Tom, it’s impossible to meet with a woman ‘ one knows; formerly, one was sure of finding ‘ some of one’s female acquaintance, when they ‘ wore their own natural faces—but now, they ‘ are all in masquerade; the only difference between this and that in the Hay-market is, that ‘ there they wear black velvet masks; here they ‘ consist of white lead and vermillion; but the ‘ deception is equal.’

A proper sequel to this anecdote, is what lord C—— said, upon being asked, when lady —— was at court? ‘ No one has seen her *face* here ‘ these ten years.’

Mr.

Mr. N——, who is famous for story-telling, and who is not always very tenacious of relating nothing but what is strictly matter of fact, was one day asked by lady T——d, after telling a very improbable tale, that had not gained much applause, ‘ why he gave his mind so much to lying?’ ‘ To tell you, for once, the truth,’ my lady, said he, ‘ I do it to hold my imagination in full practice, and keep my hand in;’—besides, said he, if I were to habituate myself to tell truth, I might contradict my former assertions.

It is confidently asserted of lady ——, that her lord having some very strong suspicions of her ladyship’s infidelity; and even the just right his daughters had to call him father, her ladyship made this very satisfactory declaration, ‘ I solemnly declare, my lord, that you have not the least reason to doubt of your being their father, for I protest, before Heaven, that I never injured your bed, till after I was pregnant.’

Mr. M—, the stock jobber, publicly declared lately, upon being wished joy on his supposed marriage, ‘ that he should not enter into the joint stock of matrimony, till fortunes were above par, and provisions no price.’

Lady V— lately waited upon Mr. Wilkes, in the King’s Bench, to entreat him, as a particular favour, for *one Essay on WOMAN*; to which the patriot replied, step madam into my bed-room and I’ll grant your request immediately.

The following TRIALS are 'so very droll and humorous, that there needs no Apology for inserting them in a Work of this Kind that is professedly published to promote Mirth and Laughter.

Sarah Johnson and Mary Price, for privately Stealing.

SARAH JOHNSON and *Mary Price* were indicted for privately stealing four guineas from the person of *Nicholas Higgins*, on the 12th of *May*.

Nicholas Higgins gave his evidence as follows. About twelve o'clock at night I met the prisoners at the corner of *Pall-Mall*, *Mary Price* thrust her hand into my breeches, and I presently clapt my hand to my fob, to secure the money I had there; but the four guineas which I lost were in my side-pocket. *Sarah Johnson* came up, and used me in the same manner as *Mary Price* did; and when they had both done they went off. They were hardly gone from me, but I missed my money; upon which I followed them, and seized *Johnson*, and calling out to the watch, they stopp'd *Price*. I had the guineas in my pocket about half an hour before this, at *Richard's Coffee-house* at *Temple-Bar*, from whence a friend came with me, and I had just parted with him when I met the prisoners, and I met no body else by the way, that could pick my pocket; which, if I had, I should have

G

taken

taken notice of it; for I was not drunk. The watchman, who came to my assistance, carried us all three to the Round-house.

The watchman deposed to the same purpose, and added, that it was not the first time that he had taken the prisoners into custody for night-walking.

Sarah Johnson thus made her defence. *Moll Price* and I had been to *Chelsea*, and, as we were going home together, she stopp'd to tie her garter; at which time the prosecutor came by, and put his hands up her coats. *Pray, Sir,* says I, *be civil to the gentlewoman, for she's with child*; whereupon what does he do, but comes to me, and whips his hand under my coats.—*Blood!* says he, *you're so fat, a-body can't feel what you have got*; whereupon he goes to *Moll* again, and shoves her up against a door, and began to do so and so with her; but somebody opening the door within side, they had much ado to save themselves from tumbling into the house together. Then he forced her to another door; and another after that, and would fain have been at it; but because neither she nor I would let him, he call'd the watch, and swore we had pick'd his pocket, which is as false as the child that's unborn; but he was very drunk, and would have had to do with a woman in the Round-house.

Mr. Trenworth said, I came with the prosecutor from the coffee-house, where I saw him have gold, and he was not drunk.

It appearing that both of them could not take the four guineas from his person privately, as laid in the indictment, the jury found *Mary Price* guilty of Felony only, for which she was ordered

to

to be transported; but *Sarah Johnson* was found guilty of the indictment, and she received sentence of death accordingly. She indeed pleaded her belly, but a jury of matrons being impanelled, they found her not quick with child; though she was afterwards reprieved, with three others condemned at the same time.

MARY BUN and *Elizabeth Mob*, were indicted for privately stealing a linen bag, one guinea, and 3l. 19s. in silver, from the person of *John Foster*, on the 16th of *October*.

John Foster deposed as follows. About ten at night, as I was going to my inn (the *Vine* within *Bishopsgate*) I met the two prisoners at the bar, and one of them — that little fresh-coloured wench — I think they call her naom *Mab* — tuck huold of my airm, and asked me to give her a pint of wine; but I tould her I shaddent, and so I went an; but it sennifyed nawing, for they both followed me, and said, as how they wad give me a pint, as I waddent give them one. Thout I to myself, *theas lassies are main good humour'd by their talk, I'll e'en try what they are maad an.* And so, Sir, I went wi 'em to the *Queen's-Yearl* tavern, and presently they begun to be mortal fond an me. That little tuad *Mab* slung her airms ruond my neck, and fell a hugging and kissing me like a devil, and would neads lay hould of what I had, and I must oan, that I did maok free with her in the saom way; but, a murrain an her, for a wheadling jead as she was, while she pretended to be so woundy loving, she picked the bag of money out of my pockut. I duddent see the baggage taok it, but I see her give it to

Bun, and *Bun* put it up her cooats, and thear I thuot to find it, but while I was fealing about *Bun*, *Bun* was to cunning for me, and handed it back to *Mab*, *A devil an 'em* (thuot I) *if theas be their tricks*, and so I begun to maok a plaguy up-ruor in the house, and some of the foke bruot a constable, and he found a bag of mony in *Mab's* pockut; and here the bag is, and this is my mark, *J.* for *John*, and *F.* for *Foster*. I can take my bible ooath to the bag, and the mony too, if nead bee, for there is one shilling that is nowght, and that I can swear to.

— *Larkin*, the constable. I was sent for to the *Queen's-Head* tavern about midnight. The prosecutor charged the prisoners with picking his pocket of 5*l.* they both denied it; but, upon searching them, I found the money in *Mob's* pocket.

Daniel Ford said, I was called in the room where the prosecutor, the prisoners, and the constable were, and I saw the constable take the bag of money from *Mob*.

The defence of the prisoners was as follows.

Mary Bun said, I was not in the room when the money was lost; for the prosecutor promised to give me a pint of wine to go out, while he and *Betty Mob* did their private concerns together.

Elizabeth Mob did not deny that she had the money; but said the prosecutor gave it her freely.

The jury acquitted *Bun*, and found *Mob* guilty of the indictment, and she received sentence of death; but she pleaded her belly, and a jury of matrons being impanell'd, they found her quick with child. She was afterwards reprieved.

MARY

MARY HARVEY, alias Coate, and Ann Parker, of St. Botolph without Bishopsgate, were indicted for privately stealing from the person of Daniel Cassel, a silver watch, value 7l. on the 18th of November.

Daniel Cassel. Als I was going along von night, vary mary vid de leequor, dese two voman (de preefonars at de bar) fall in mine vay, and *Mary Harvey* ask me, *Ah mine dear! How you do? vat will you go vid me to mine Loshing? Vid all mine art,* told I, and so ve go togader, but ven ve come dare, she no find de key of de door. Vel, vat sal ve do now? *Vy,* told de oder voman, *Ann Parker,* *Me ave got von Loshing in de Petty-France, ve will go dare:* So me go vid 'em to dat loshing, up von pair of stairs, and dare *Mary Harvey* and me tumball upon the bed togader, and den she pick a mine vash out of mine pockate, and give it to *Parker,* and *Parker* run away vid de vash, and *Harvey* got off de bed, and run away too.

Court. And did you run after them?

D. C. No.

Court. How so?

D. C. Ah begare! dare was the raisong for dat—mine breeches vare down about my foots—Vell! den anoder voman come in and ask a me, *Vat will you give for your vash again? Vy,* me says, *me ave a more l'argent, but me give a you van pot of de beer.* She tell a me, *Dat is too leetel,* and so she go away again. Den I make de uproar, and de vashamans, and de coonestable come in, and dese two voman at de bar come in after dem. Vell, ask a de coonestable, *Vy make you dis very*
much

much noise? Vy, Maitre coonestable, me say, dese womans ave steal a mine vash out of mine pockate. And den the coonestable and de vashamans take ve all tree to de coontaur.

The defence of the prisoners.

Mary Harvey. I met the prosecutor and a woman with him in *Bishopsgate-street*, he asked me to go and drink, and then carried me to his house in *Petty-France*. He went up with this other woman, but would not let me go with 'em, and so I staid below in the kitchen. In a little time he sent me down a shilling to fetch two pennyworth of rods, and when I came back, I found the constable and watchmen there. One of the watchmen told me, that the prosecutor said he had lost his watch, but could not be positive who had got it.

Elizabeth Jenkins. I saw the prosecutor and *Harvey*, and another woman, known by the name of *Squinting Abigail*, go into my neighbour's house in *Petty-France*, and go up stairs together. *Ann Parker* was a servant in the house, and did not go up with them, but staid below to tend the child. The watchmen coming in, the prosecutor said, that *Harvey* had picked his pocket of his watch, and had given it to *Abigail*. I know *Ann Parker* to be a good honest woman; but she has had the misfortune to have a husband that was acquainted with a pack of brimstone bitches.

The jury acquitted *Parker*, and found *Harvey* guilty of felony. Transportation.

MARGARET

MMARGARET WRIGHT, of St. Giles's in the Fields, was indicted for privately stealing two half guineas, from the person of *John Tysiere*, Sept. 8.

John Tysiere. In de Newport-street, near de Seven Dial, I met vid de prisoner, and say to her, *How you do shile! O! mine dear, she say, I be very mush glad to see you: Vat will you treat me now? Dat I will, I say, vid all mine art; but you no go vid me, I will go before, to de Tree-Tun tavern, and you shall come dare, and ask a for me. Vell den, she say, I will come.* But I no tink dat she voud; so I go to de Tree-Tun, and call for von pint of de vine, and some tobac; and vile I vas smoaking mine pipe, in come Mettres Peggy. I had got tree shilling in one pockate, and two half guinea in de oder pockate. She vas vary busy about mine breeshes; and when I go to pay de reckoning I no find de money, for de bish had pick a mine pockate.

Court. Are you sure you did not give her the money?

Tysiere. Give her de money! No, I give her noting, and noting I had to give her; for she take every ting out of mine breeshes but mine vash, and I was force to leave dat behind me for de reckoning. Den I call de Lan-lord up stair, and ve make a dis voman strip off all her cloaths upon de tabel, and I feel all about, and searsh her avery vare, but no find de money.—Ven den, de coonestable come and carry us before de Shustice, and he send her to the presong.

Prisoner. As I was going to see for my husband, at the *White-Hart*, in *Leicester-fields*, I met

met this *French* man in *Newport-street*, and he asked me to take a glass of wine? I thought at first I had known him; but, when I came to the tavern I found myself mistaken. And there he offered such unseemly and shameful things to me, that I strove all I could to get away from him; but he said, if I would not do as he desired, he'd fit me for it; and then he charged me with picking his pocket. But tho' he made me strip myself to the skin, and searched me all over, he could find nothing about me but what was my own.

The jury acquitted her.

MMARGARET FISHER, of St. *Margaret's, Westminster*, was indicted for privately stealing thirteen guineas, from the person of *Daniel Macdonald*, Sept. 4.

Daniel Macdonald. And leek yer loardship, I had just taken my wages, thirteen guineas in goud, and was gawn alang *King-strate*, in *Westmanster*, when I met wi'this fow quean at the bare, and she speird where I was gawn, I taud her hame. She said, gen I wad ga wi'hur tull *Joanny Davis's* hoose, she wad gi'me a drame, sir, for in troth, she tuck me for a poor gawkey, boss-headed chiel, and leek yer loardship. Sa she tuck haud o'my haind, and lad me a gat I kenna'reet weel. And whan we came tull *Joanny Davis's* hoose, she caud for muckle beer and braindy, and gard me bung as a swobe, and leek yee hoanour. I staid there wi' her a pratty while; and thune, sir, I pit my haind intull my bricks, to feel for money to pay the rackoning; but the deel a bawbie cou'd I find, for it was aw tint. And when

when I speird about it, they glowr'd, and taud me, gen I wanna'taok my sel awaw, they wad gar me ga, wi' a deel to me; and sa fir, they dang me fu'fair, and turn'd me oot at the back door, intull the strate, and I rambled aboot, and cou' na' find the hoose agen; and the watchmen mat wi' me, and carried me intull the *Roond-hoofe*. And thare I taud 'em hoo I hade been roab'd. The neist moorning I gade and foond oot *Joanny Davis's* hoose, but she was rin away and the prasoner too. But a neet, about saven a cloke, I mat wi' this impudent betch at the *bare*, and tuck her up. I ken weel enuh that she must ha' my goud, for na saul alse was wi' me but *Joanny Davis*, wha brote what we cawd for.—Let her dence it an she can—Somebody (but I kenna' whaw it was) oferd me sax guineas in my haind to make the matter up, but I wanna' tack it.

Prisoner. As I was returning from the camp, I met the prosecutor and a coachman. The coachman asked me to drink, and we went to Mrs. *Davis's* house; but I was not near the prosecutor, for I sat on t'other side of the room, and when I was searh'd, nothing was found upon me.

No body appear'd to the prisoner's reputation. The jury found her guilty of the indictment, and she received sentence of *Death*; but she had the good luck to escape hanging, for she pleaded her belly, and a jury of matrons being impannell'd, they found her quick with child.

ELIZABETH ANGIER, of *St. Martin's in the Fields*, was indicted for stealing a coat, a wig, and other goods, value four pounds, the property

property of *John Stulker*, in the dwelling-house of *William Richards*, March 31.

John Stulker. *John Dyer* hired a lodging, in which I left my coat and wig, and some other odd things. There was a woman came after him, he said she was his sister. They went away the next morning. and took my goods along with them.

John Dyer. When I had taken this lodging, the prisoner asked me, if I had nothing that was good in it. I told her there were such and such things; and upon that she said she would come and help to fetch them away; and she was as good as her word. She carried off the coat, and some other odd matters, and I took the wig.

Prisoner. I know nothing of the fact.

Court. Have you any witnesses?

Prisoner. Yes, here's one to my reputation.

Court to the witness. What is the prisoner's general character?

Witness. I know no harm of her.—It's true, she was a receiver of stolen goods.

Court. And you think there was no harm in that.

Prisoner. I don't deny but I kept a Baudy-house, and sometimes a few odd things were left in my care: but then I never wronged man, woman, or child.

The jury found her guilty to the value of 10*l.*
Transportation.

ANN JAMES, of St. Sepulchre's, was indicted for privately stealing a silver watch, value 40*s.* from the person of *William Pugh*.

William Pugh. I went to drink at the shed in Smithfield, the prisoner came in there, and I drank

drank to her, but the landlord spoke to me not to drink to her any more; I staid there about half an hour, and then going along *Chick-lane*, she overtook me, and asked me, how I did? I said I did not know her. *Not know me, my dear*, says she, *why you drank to me in the shed, and I thank ye for it; and as it is very dark, if you'll be so kind as to see me home, I shall be still more obliged to ye.* She talked so kindly and so prettily, that I could not forbear going home with her. When I came near her house a watchman bid me *take care*, and so I laid my hand upon my watch, was sure I had it when I went in a doors with her, tho' if I had not been a fool and a puppy, I had never gone in at all, after I had such fair warning given me; but, *when the drink's in, the wit's out*, as the saying is.—I thought myself a mighty wise fellow, and was above taking counsel of any body, and so I went in, and down we sat together upon the bed. She was wonderful sweet upon me, and willing to do any thing in life to oblige me. I staid with her about half an hour, and then got off the bed; but, on being off the bed, the candle fell out, and I was forced to grope in the dark a good while before I could find the door; but at last I got out, and then I missed my watch.

Court. Was no body with you in the room but the prisoner?

Pugh. Not a soul! I never saw nor felt any body but her.

Prisoner. I know nothing of this fellow, nor his watch neither.—He never was in my room, nor did I ever set eyes on him before this blessed day.

The jury acquitted her.

NATHANIEL

NATHANIEL WOODLAND was indicted for privately stealing from the person of *Sarah Davis*, in the parish of *St. Andrew's, Holborn*, four shillings; the money of her husband, *Humphry Davis*, *October 17*.

Sarah Davis. As I was going along the street, on *Saturday* night, I met three men; they began to touzle me about like any thing, one of them especially, would needs kiss me, and I e'en let him; for, as the old saying is, *'Tis better to give a knave a kiss, than to be troubled with him*: But a kiss would not serve his turn truly, for he must thrust his hands down my bosom; so I said nothing, but stood as quiet as a *lamb*, for I had a great fancy to see how far his impudence would carry him, and with that, sir, without so much as either *with your leave, or by your leave*, the next minute ——— whip ——— he had his hand under my petticoats, O, thinks I, *are you thereabouts? I find what you want to be at* ——— but; efaith I was mistaken, as you shall hear by and by. ——— Howsomever, I bore all this with abundance of patience; for I mortally hate to make a fufs and a do; and a bawling and a squalling in the street, like I don't know what all, as a great many people do; — no, not I ——— for though I say it, that should not say it; if nobody loy'd a mob and a racket, and an uproar, better than *Sally Davis*, we should have other-gates doings o'nights, than we have, I'll give you my word for it. ——— But, as I said, I found myself mistaken in my gentleman, for by and by I mist my money, and then thought it was high time to call out for help, and so I did, to some tune;

tune; for I set up such an out-cry, that you would have blest yourself. Upon which, the watch came to my assistance, and the prisoner was taken, and the other two men ran away.

But, since the prisoner's commitment, I have seen a brother of his, who, is so very like him, that I swear I can't tell which is which: but, I am sure it was one of them that robbed me.

The jury acquitted him.

SUSAN GRIMES, of *St. Giles's in the Fields*, was indicted for privately stealing a silver watch, value 5l. and 25s. and 6d. in money, from the person of *James Fitzgerald*, Feb. 25.

James Fitzgerald. On the 25th of last *February* instant, I wash attending upon tish court, at an alehouse hard by, for I wash after having some business here as a solishitor; and about eleven o'clock at midnight, by my shoul I wash got pretty drunk, and wash going very soberly along the *Old-Bailey*, and tare I met te preehoner upon te bar, as she wash going before me. I wash after asking her which way she was walking, and she made a laugh upon my fault, and shaid to *Newtoners-Lane*. Arra Joy now, shaid I, you should always have shomebody with ye when you go shu far alone, for fear you shou'd come to no harm. She shaid, She would be after taking me along with her, if I would give her any thing. Why fait now my dear shoul, shaid I, you shall never fear but I will give you something or other, if I have got nothing myself. Sho we agreed and went together, but, not having any deshign to be consherned with her, I paid her landlady a shilling for a bed.

Court. If you had no mind to be concerned, why did you go home with her?

H

Fitzgerald.

Fitzgerald. It ish my way to make love upon a woman in the streets, and go home with her, when I deshign to lie alone.

Court. A very odd way.

Fitzgerald. Tat ish very true indeed, but it ish my common practish.——Sho when I had paid for te bed itself, the preefhoner was after making me sit upon te bed with her, and sho tumble together, but I wash after sitting in the chair; and then she was after coming to sit in my lap; but I would not let her sit there, and sho she sit beshide me; and then I was hoping she would be eashy: But for all that, she would not let me sit at quiet; for she was after being consherned with my breeches itself, and got my watch out of my pocket, whether I would or no, and I pull'd, and she pull'd, and sho at last for fear she should get it from me, I let go my hold, and went for a constable, and he carried us to the watch-house, where he took the watch upon her.

Prisoner. The prosecutor met me under *Newgate*, took hold of my arm, and asked me where I was going? I told him to my lodging in *Charles-street* and desired him to go about his business, but he would follow me whether I would or no. When I came home my landlady open'd the door, and then I once more desired him to leave me; but, instead of going away, he catch'd hold of my landlady's hand, and swore he would come in and drink with her, for he was sure that he was as welcome as I cou'd be: So he sat himself down, and called for two or three quarterns of brandy, and then having no money to pay the reckoning, he pawn'd his watch to her for half crown. He was so devilish impudent, that we
were

were both forced to fall upon our knees, or there would have been no such thing as keeping his hands from under our petticoats. When he saw that, he pluck'd off my handkerchief, and was going up into my bed-chamber, telling me, that I should not have it again, except I would follow him. I assured him he should wait long enough if he waited till I came. *Why ye bitch, says he, if ye won't I'll swear your life away for picking my pocket of the watch, that I pawn'd to your landlady; for I am an Irishman, and can swear farther than ten Englishmen.* Whereupon I called in the watchman, and so we were both taken in custody.

Court. (To the prosecutor.) How come you that pretend to be a solicitor, to make such a mistake, as to indict this woman for stealing your watch privately, and without your knowledge, when, by your own evidence, it appears, that she took it violently, and with your knowledge?

Fitzgerald. Why said now she had a private design upon my watch, for she took hold of the chain, when I thought she would be after taking hold of something else.

The jury acquitted the prisoner

TALES, EPIGRAMS, SONNETS,
EPITAPHS, &c.

THE CRAB.

THERE stands a town 'twixt Wemyss and
Leven,
Well known in Fyfe, and call'd Buckhaven,
For fisher's fam'd : these hardy fellows,
Tho' ÆOLUS blow all his bellows,
Yet go to sea, and never care
Whether the wind be cross or fair ;
Their trade is fish, they sell the best,
Their wives and brats eat up the rest ;
And tho' they feed on nought but fish,
They give new names to ev'ry dish ;
Nay, tho' ridiculous, ne'er care,
For haddocks are call'd capons there ;
And, what to strangers gives surprise,
They call the crabs Buckhaven pies ;
And these they have in so great plenty,
That for a penny they'll sell twenty.

Not long ago their parson dy'd,
But soon they got their church supply'd

By

By one who always did maintain,
 That there was godliness in gain ;
 What in next world there might betide
 He knew not, but he would provide
 A treasure in this present life :
 To this agreed his thrifty wife,
 Who ev'ry day provided fish,
 Not only as the cheapest dish,
 But that she knew they would inspire
 Mafs THOMAS' blood with warm desire ;
 And sure there could be no offence
 In loving due benevolence.

Thus they went on in great content,
 And kept a cheap luxurious lent ;
 Their wealth each day increas'd, their nights
 Were past in conjugal delights,
 And master THOMAS and his wife
 Alike admir'd the happy life.

But ah ! how transient are our joys !
 Old Satan oft our bliss destroys,
 And is offended out of measure,
 When he can't sour our peace and pleasure :
 Ungrateful Satan, how couldst thou
 Thy malice to this couple shew ?
 Did e'er Mafs THOMAS, or his wife,
 Do wrong to thee in all thy life !
 Did he in act, or in opinion,
 Disturb the peace of thy dominion ?
 No, he was quiet, honest, civil,
 And thought it sin to cheat the devil ;
 Yet thou a cursed trick did'st play,
 And the well-meaning pair betray.

I've told that fish was all their food,
 But still they had them fresh and good ;

Six crabs they on a day had got,
 And boil'd four of 'em in the pot,
 The other two 'till night they kept,
 Who thro' the house at freedom crept;
 But one of them, oppress'd with thirst,
 Crawl'd to a tub where madam p—'d,
 And, with the saltness pleas'd, did stay
 Until the shutting in of day.

'Twas winter-time, the days were short,
 M^{rs} THOMAS in his chair did snort,
 As was his custom, while his spouse
 Went like a bee about the house;
 For she, of housewives far the best,
 From morn to night would never rest,
 But turn'd her hand to ev'ry thing
 That could a penny save or bring:
 Two maids she had, the one was spinning,
 The other one was dressing linen;

So, seeing nothing was amiss,
 She to the jordan went to p--ss.

The crab, who thought on no such matter,
 Astonish'd with the scalding water,
 Thrust out her claw, I do not joke ye,
 And took fast hold of her TU QUOQUE.

In dreadful pain, and great surprise,
 Poor madam fill'd the house with cries;
 Her husband wak'd, and to her came,
 And kindly ask'd what ail'd the dame.
 Alas! she cry'd, my dear, I'll tell ye,
 The dev't has got me by the belly;
 O help me, husband! help! she cry'd;
 Mean time she all her clothes unty'd;
 For haste her milk-white smock she tore,
 And threw off every rag she wore.

M^{rs}

Mas THOMAS, when he saw her grief,
 Assuring her of quick relief,
 Kneel'd down, in hopes to ease the fair;
 The crab; who had of claws a pair,
 His pious purpose did oppose,
 And snap'd the parson by the nose.

Mas THOMAS now to roar began,
 She call'd her maid, he call'd his man,
 Who running to them with a light,
 Were quite confounded with the sight;
 The parson's wife, without her clothes,
 And, you know where,—her husband's nose,
 Where long enough it might have stay'd,
 But NANN, a clever handy maid,
 Depriv'd the wicked crab of life,
 And so reliev'd both man and wife;
 Who, much offended with the pain,
 Swore ne'er to taste shell-fish again.

THE PARTRIDGE.

A True Story.

ONE day a tell-tale waiting maid
 In tears thus to her lady said,
 The cook has vex'd me to the heart,
 And if you do not take my part,
 I never can hold up my face
 Without dishonour and disgrace.

My lady said, Pray tell your meaning;
 If there is reason for complaining,
 I'll take your part, you may be certain,
 And give you full revenge on MARTIN.

Madam,

Madam, said she, and then she blush'd,
 For me, I wish the thing was hush'd ;
 But I'm afraid it can't be hid,
 The servants saw what MARTIN did :
 As by the kitchen fire I stood,
 Thinking, heav'n knows, on nought but good,
 The cook did slyly by me stand,
 And clap'd his Something in my hand :
 The like I never saw or felt.
 I'll have the wicked fellow gelt,
 My lady said, Run down in haste,
 And send to me that lustful beast :

The cook came gravely up the stairs,
 The lady put on all her airs :
 You saucy villain, madam said,
 How durst you thus affront my maid ?

MARTIN with modesty begun,
 Pray tell me, madam, what I've done :
 Your maids can ne'er complain of me ;
 Like lambs your maids and I agree.

My lady did in wrath reply,
 Can you your wicked deeds deny ?
 My meaning you won't understand,
 What was't you clap'd in BETTY's hand :

And is this all, reply'd the cook ?
 Do I for this deserve rebuke ?
 I'll tell the truth : as I'm a sinner,
 I've got some partridges for dinner ;
 I was in haste, and yet your maid
 A thousand wanton frolics play'd ;
 And since she in my way would stand,
 I clapp'd a partridge in her hand.

A likely tale, my lady said,
 As if you thought I'd keep a maid.

So void of wit and common sense,
 As not to know the difference
 Betwixt a partridge and a dilly,
 Pray, MARTIN, do not act so silly;
 Else I shall shew you, to your sorrow,
 I'll make you quiet 'ere to-morrow.

Altho' the dame in anger spoke,
 Her eyes declar'd she was in joke.
 She was not cruel in her nature,
 But was a most obliging creature:
 She had a large extensive mind,
 And bore good-will to all mankind.
 This made her wish she had survey'd
 That Something mention'd by her maid;
 And thought the cook deserv'd a bribe,
 If 'twas as BETTY did describe;
 And from her soul she long'd to know
 If that the thing was really so:
 Then she resolv'd to satisfy
 Her female curiosity.

The cook was handsome, young and clean;
 And tho' his birth was low and mean,
 Yet he might as much love afford,
 As any duke or garter'd lord:
 Away she let all scruples fly,
 And was determin'd she would try.

She smil'd, and thus to MARTIN said,
 Shew me, young man, be not afraid,
 That partridge that you shew'd my maid.

The fellow heard her with surprise,
 With joy he view'd her wishing eyes,
 Her orders readily obèy'd.

Transported she the thing survey'd:
 She saw her maid had told the truth,
 And hugg'd the ample-gifted youth.

My

My lady clasp'd him round the waist,
 And, smiling, said, I ne'er did taste,
 Tho' I have been three years a wife,
 So sweet a partridge in my life.

THE COMPLAINT.

MISS NANNY, young and innocent,
 Last night was made a bride;
 But long ere day, in discontent,
 She did kind WILLIE chide.
 Base wretch, she said, and then she wept,
 Why told you things untrue?
 Wou'd I my maidenhead had kept,
 Or not have giv'n't to you.
 To honour you have no regard,
 You false, you perjur'd man,
 How could you swear it was a yard,
 When it is scarce a span?

MISS and the PARSON,

A TALE.

ONE day I with a lady sat,
 Passing the time in harmless chat,
 The parson and her daughter by,
 And none besides but she and I.
 The daughter was but just fifteen,
 A sprightly girl as e'er was seen,

Was

Was finely shap'd, had sparkling eyes,
 And her white breasts began to rise,
 By nature form'd for soft delight,
 While blooming looks to love invite.
 With so much beauty, so much fire,
 She cou'd not fail to raise desire
 In youthful breasts; but, for my part,
 She did no damage to my heart,
 For mine was fix'd long time ago,
 And can no alteration know.

By age and much experience taught,
 I now can tell a woman's thought;
 I saw that miss was ill at ease,
 And too much warmth was her disease;
 She yawn'd, and stretch'd, and cou'd not rest,
 While glowing cheeks her fire confess'd,
 But yet with so much life she spoke,
 That ev'ry sentence was a joke.

The parson was a learned man,
 And an instructive speech began;
 To miss he gave some grave advice,
 And rail'd at ev'ry kind of vice:
 Women, said he, (I'm sure I'm right)
 Shou'd strive 'gainst love with all their might,
 To that wild passion women owe
 The many sorrows that they know;
 When love gets into youthful veins,
 It breaks the heart or turns the brains,
 And virgins often are pursuing
 What gotten brings them certain ruin;
 How many of them have we seen
 Undone before they were fifteen?

Pray stop a while, said angry miss;
 Good doctor, talk no more of this;

More

More are undone by chalk and lime,
 Than by sweet love, at any time;
 And fools, grown old, still disapprove
 Of, what they are not fit for, love.

Ah, miss! said he, you are but young,
 And therefore shou'd restrain your tongue;
 'Tis age and knowledge makes me talk:
 Believe me, fair one, eating chalk,
 Oatmeal, or plaister, candle-ends,
 Or any trash that most offends
 A healthy palate, yet is good,
 Compar'd to love, the worst of food:
 It fills our virgins heads with humours,
 And makes them swell with two-leg'd tumours.

'Good doctor, said the lively lass,
 Your braying shews you are an ass;
 Think you that I will lose my bloom?
 Or leading apes shall be my doom?
 Know, rev'rend Sir, I'm full fifteen,
 And never had the sickness green,
 Nor ever shall while there are men,
 If one suffice not, I'll have ten;
 Think you I'll fast when I can feast?
 O times! O manners! said the priest:
 I hope in heav'n you only jest.

No, Sir, said she, I tell the truth,
 I'm young, and will not lose my youth:
 I guess what loving is, tho' I
 The act of love did never try;
 But, to convince you that I shall,
 I'll shew you I have wherewithal.
 Then to the parson shew'd a sight
 That made him lose his temper quite.

Mamma her wanton daughter blam'd,
 And wonder'd she was not asham'd,

Saying,

Saying, It was a silly pride
To shew what nature meant to hide.

Mamma, said she, what he did spy
Is full, I think, as old as I;
And, if it thinks I've done a crime,
May hide itself another time.

THE CHAPLAIN.

A Tale.

A Charming fair, one winter-night,
Was marry'd to a stupid knight,
Who was transported with the joy
Of having got a virgin toy.

Sir RALPH, delighted with his choice,
In his dear JENNY did rejoice,
And took her to his house next day,
Where all was splendid, all was gay:
'Tis true the knight was not so ready
At one amusement, as my lady;
But yet she did not take it ill,
For cousin TOM was with her still.
But when her friend to London went,
'Twas then that she began her lent:
Sir RALPH was sparing of his flesh,
And seldom did his spouse refresh;
Who, finding that her aged knight
Doz'd all the day, slept all the night,
Behav'd her like a prudent dame,
And look'd about for younger game.

Sir RALPH, a churchman true and keen,
Still lov'd SACHEVEREL and the queen;

I

And

And tho' they were both dead and rotten,
 Thought they should never be forgotten ;
 And piously each day in stealth
 Drank to the queen and doctor's health ;
 For tho' he knew they were in glory,
 He sighing said, he shou'd be sorry
 They were forgot by any Tory.

His chaplains all from Oxford came,
 Men orthodox, whose hearts did flame
 With holy zeal for mother church,
 The disciples of doctor BIRCH.

His present chaplain, doctor SPEED,
 Is of the true DODWELLIAN breed,
 Denies the privilege of damnation
 To all dissenters in the nation ;
 Since, wanting souls, they could not go
 To heav'n above, or hell below ;
 Yet otherwise he is, by nature,
 A kind, obliging, loving creature ;
 He pities women in distress,
 And makes their husbands labour less.

For wives, as I am told, may want
 What an old husband scarce can grant ;
 And therefore, when in greatest need,
 Apply themselves to doctor SPEED,
 Who never their request denies,
 But kindly with their wish complies ;
 Her ladyship at length began
 To view with love the pious man ;
 But, tho' she meant him for a lover,
 She did not any thing discover,
 And only made a few advances
 By little hints and wanton glances.

The doctor is a cunning youth,
 And very soon found out the truth,

And

And meant that day to shew my lady
 That for her service he was ready;
 Nor did he let occasion slip,
 For, finding her fair ladyship
 Pretending sleep upon the bed,
 He to her crept, and nothing said;
 Began to grope about her linen.
 And then began to downright sinning.

At last my lady rais'd her eyes,
 And seem'd to look with great surprise.
 Tell me, you saucy cur, said she,
 Who gave this privilege to thee!

Madam, (and there he stopt awhile)
 The doctor answer'd with a smile,
 If I have giv'n the least offence,
 I'll do no more, but fly from hence.

You fool, said she, perform your task,
 I only did the question ask.

The Grey Mare the better Horse.

A Story.

SOME men I've known, by indiscretion
 Of parents in their education,
 Who fear'd their sons would ne'er do good
 If any thing they understood;
 And kept them back, with mighty care,
 From conversation with the fair,
 Lest they should taste the joys of life
 'Ere ty'd for ever to a wife:
 I've known such men as these, I say,
 Transported on their wedding day,

In hopes to taste the long'd-for bliss,
 And freely toy, and freely kifs;
 But, knowing nothing of the joy,
 Fondly believ'd they should destroy
 The tender females; well they knew
 That they the rapture could renew
 Whene'er they pleas'd: 'twas thus they thought,
 But soon their schemes fell all to nought;
 For when they join'd in am'rous fight,
 In spite of all their boasted might,
 The women always won the day,
 And weary'd them with wanton play:
 They in the pastime took delight,
 Whether at morning, noon or night;
 Whene'er the men were that way bent,
 They ever found their wives content.

Not long ago a friend of mine,
 An able, clever, young divine,
 Told me, upon his wedding-day,
 He fear'd he might his NANNY slay,
 She seem'd so young, and look'd so slender,
 That sure his Manhood would offend her;
 For I might see it by his figure,
 He had too much of love and vigour.

I smiling told him, that his wife
 Was in no danger of her life.

The doctor at my fancy smil'd,
 Yet was in terror for the child.
 Next day I to his levee came,
 And gravely ask'd him if his dame
 Was still alive? He sighing said,
 There is no killing of a maid:
 I thought she would have cry'd, or chid,
 But NANNY smil'd at all I did.

She

She hugg'd me closely to her breast,
 And no uneasiness express'd;
 I toil'd and toil'd the live-long night,
 But she, transported with delight,
 The more I did, the more desir'd,
 Till I, my friend, was soundly tir'd :
 And, getting up, the bride did say,
 You rise, my dear, before 'tis day ;
 Then added, with a leering smile,
 Lie down, my dear, and rest a while.
 Lie down, said I! nay, now ye jest me ;
 No, no, my dear, *I'll rise to rest me.*

FOUL PLAY.

A Tale.

WALKING thro' Fleet-street on a time,
 I saw a 'prentice, in his prime,
 Come running from a house in haste,
 As if by twenty devils chas'd ;
 His face with blood was all besmear'd,
 And on his head a wound appear'd.
 This sight about him quickly drew
 Of gazing fools an idle crew,
 Till one, much wiser than the rest,
 Call'd LOVELL, thus the youth address'd :
 Dear cousin, I am quite confounded
 To see your head thus sadly wounded ;
 Pray tell me, WILL, who did the deed ?
 For I am vex'd to see you bleed.

I 3.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM reply'd, I'll all declare:
 My master's wife is very fair;
 But he's an old and fumbling beast,
 And jealousy disturbs his breast;
 For, wanting youth, and wanting vigour,
 He's angry at my handsome figure,
 And thinks, in spite of our concealing,
 His wife and I have private dealing.
 This put him to a deal of pain,
 And has at last quite turn'd his brain:
 Just now he lurk'd within the house,
 On purpose to surprize his spouse,
 Who, being from suspicion free,
 Had set her down upon my knee,
 And, kissing me, as she was got,
 I kindly felt her—*you know what.*
 On this the wretch, good master LOVELL,
 Came in and brought a paring shovel,
 And, like a villain, knock'd me down,
 Making this gash across my crown;
 Again he did his blow repeat,
 Till I was fain to make retreat;
 This is the reason why I bleed.
 Your case is very hard indeed,
 Said LOVELL; let me understand,
Had you got nothing in your hand,
To save you from the cuckold's strokes?
 WILL frowning said, None of your jokes
I something had in hand I know,
 But how could *that* ward off the blow?

HUMOUROUS

HUMOUROUS EPIGRAMS, &c.

On the Death of an Epicure

AT length, my friends, the *feast* of life is o'er;
 I've eat sufficient—and I'll drink no more:
 My night is come; I've spent a jovial day;
 'Tis time to part; but oh!—what is to pay?

Diogenes to Aristippus.

CLOY'D with ragouts, you scorn my simple
 food;

And think good-eating is man's only good;
 I ask no more than Temperance can give;
 You live to eat, I only eat—to live.

The empty Gun.

AS Dick and Tom in fierce dispute engage,
 And, face to face, the noisy contest wage;
 "Don't *cock* your chin at me," Dick smartly cries;
 "Fear not—his head's not *charg'd*," a friend re-
 plies.

On a Dispute between Dr. Radcliffe and Sir
 Godfrey Kneller.

SIR Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common
 way

Into one common garden—and each had a key.
 Quoth Kneller, "I'll certainly stop up that door,
 "If ever I find it unlock'd any more."

'Your threats, replies Radcliffe, disturb not my
 'ease;

'And

' And, so you don't *paint* it, e'en do what you
' please.'

" You're smart, rejoins Kneller ; but say what
" you will,

" I'll *take* any thing *from you*—but *potion or pill*."

A Clown's Apology to the Doctor

AS honest *Richard*, a substantial clown,
Had brought his corn, one market-day, to
town,

He met the *doctor*, who look'd vastly big,
And sternly frown'd beneath his awful wig.
The clown, whose heart still ran upon his treasure,
Thus guess'd the cause of Syrinx's displeasure :
" I han't been lately at your shop, quoth Dick ;
" But don't be angry—for I ha'n't been sick."

The Doctor's Arms.

A Doctor, who, for want of skill,
Did seldom cure—but sometimes kill ;
Contriv'd at length, by many a puff,
And many a bottle fill'd with *stuff*,
To raise his fortune, and his pride ;
And in a coach, forsooth ! must ride.
His family coat, long since worn out,
What arms to take was all the doubt.

A friend, consulted on the case,
Thus answer'd, with a sly grimace :
" Take some device in your own way,
" Neither too solemn nor too gay ;
" Three Ducks, suppose ; white, grey or black ;
" And let your motto be *Quack ! Quack !*"

A Court-

A Court - Audience.

OLD South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
But much too serious for a court,
Who at all preaching made a sport:
He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The doctor stopp'd; began to call,
" Pray 'wake the earl of Lauderdale:
" My lord! why, 'tis a monstrous thing!
" You snore so loud—you'll 'wake the king."

To _____, Esq;

Antiquary and F. R. S.

GIVE me the thing that's pretty, odd, and
new;
All ugly, old, odd things—I leave to you.

The Country-House.

SICK of the noise and smoke of town,
Old *Simon*, fat and wealthy grown,
Resolv'd to seek some *snug retreat*,
And build himself a country-seat.

One day, in his perambulation,
He spies a tempting situation.

The house, perhaps, you oft have seen,

Fast by the road on Turnham-green:

Seven windows in the front are thrust,

Spite of the sunshine and the dust:

The road a chearful prospect yields;

The walls are blank that face the fields.

"Twice ten stage-coaches, twice a day,

Here from and to the town convey

Old gouty cronies of the city,

Who,

Who, in the country, wax full witty :
 Whole summer's days they sit and smoke,
 And on poor trav'lers crack their joke.

Our cit' the stage conveys to town,
 And in the ev'ning brings him down :
 For *Simon's* heart, nor think it strange,
 Still hankers after the exchange ;
 And thrice a week he *must* peruse
 The Chronicles and London news.
 His conversation this supplies
 With murders, rapes, and robberies,
 The price of stocks—and bankruptcies.

Thus does our friend, from day to day.
 Contrive to huddle life away ;
 And thus this country-mouse you see
 Still busy—as a summer's bee.

“ Is this, said I, your *snug retreat* ?
 “ I'd rather live in Newgate-street ;
 “ Or if, forsooth ! one must be chopping,
 “ I'd take a country-house—at Wapping.”

An Incident in High Life.

THE *Bucks* had din'd, and deep in council sat ;
 Their wine was brilliant—but their wit grew
 flat :

Up starts his lordship, to the window flies,
 And lo ! “ a race ! a race ! ” in rapture cries :
 “ Where ? ” quoth Sir John : “ Why, see ! two
 drops of rain

“ Start from the summit of the crystal pane :
 “ A thousand pounds ! which drop with nimblest
 force

“ Performs its current down the slippery course ! ”
 The bets were fixed ; in dire suspense they wait
 For victory, pendant on the nod of fate.

Now

Now down the sash, unconscious of the prize,
 The bubbles roll—like pearls from Cloe's eyes.
 But ah! the glittering joys of life are short!—
 How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!
 Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
 Th' approaching drops into *one* bubble draws.
 Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project
 cross'd;
 How hard their lot who neither won nor lost!

The innocent Theft:

To the Rev. Dr. ———.

YOU tell us, Doctor, 'tis a sin to *steal*;
 We to your *practice* from your *text* appeal.
 You *steal* a sermon, *steal* a nap; and, pray,
 From dull companions don't you *steal* away?

An œconomical Reflection:

From an Hint of Scarron. 1740.

ALL mortal things are frail—and *go to pot*;
 What wonder then that mortal trowfers rot?
 My velvet torn, I shone in mimic shag;
 Those soon grew rusty—and *began to flag*.
 Leather I hate: Nankeen was something queer;
 Camblet was airy—but how apt to tear!
 Quoth I, Sir Pricklouse, shall we try a rug?—
 “Yes, Sir, says he; those sure will hold a tug.”
 Ah no! the rug decay'd, like all the past;
 Ev'n **ever-lasting* would not ever last.
 What must be done, my friend?—“Why, Sir,
 in troth,
 “With projects tir'd---I'd stick to common cloth.”

* *A stuff so called.*

The

The thrifty Garreteer.

YOU often pity honest Ned,
 Condemn'd, it seems, to write for *bread*;
 His lib'ral soul, till Dodsley pays,
 Still doom'd to fast---or chew the bays.
 Yet, by that jovial, ruddy look,
 Not gain'd by poring o'er his book ;
 That clammy ale, his table spilt on ;
 That tankard, cover'd with a Milton ;
 By all these tokens, Ned, I fear,
 Writes not so much for *bread*---as *beer*.

A reasonable Satisfaction :

Imitated from Sir T. More.

WHILST glory's cause, two long campaigns,
 Thraso in distant climes detains ;
 His wife had fix'd her sad retreat
 Contiguous to Sir Harry's seat ;
 Who, in mere pity to her case,
 Kindly supplied the husband's place.

Thraso return'd, the tale transpires ;
 Revenge the Captain's bosom fires.
 He takes his sword, intent on blood,
 And meets the knight behind a wood.
 " Scoundrel," quoth he, " say, on thy life,
 " Hast thou presum'd to kiss *my* wife ?"

The knight, unmov'd by Thraso's rant,
 Reply'd, and grasp'd his oaken plant,
 " Why, really, Sir, 'twixt me and you,
 " The thing you hint at's very true."
 " You own it then !---oh ! very well---
 " Or else, by all the dev'ls in hell,
 " But that thou hast the fact *confest*,
 " This trusty sword had pierc'd thy breast."

Strephon

On the Statue of Niobe.

TO stone the gods have chang'd her—but in
vain—

The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

On the Statue of Venus by Praxiteles.

ANCHISES, Paris, and Adonis too
Have seen me naked, and expos'd to view :
All these I freely own, 'tis past denying—
But where has this *Praxiteles* been prying ?

From the Latin of Martial.

Lib. 1. Epig. 9. by Mr. Hay.

THAT you, like Thrasea, or like Cato, great,
Pursue their maxims, but decline their fate ;
Nor rashly point the dagger to your heart ;
More to *my* wish you act the Roman's part.
I like not him, who fame by *death* retrieves :
Give *me* the man, who merits praise, and lives.

From Martial.

WHEN all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward creeps to death—The brave
lives on.

Epigram.

WHEN Porcia heard, with grief, her lord
was dead ;
And the stol'n dagger sought in vain ; she said,
“ Think ye the means are wanting to expire ?
“ Are you so ill-instructed by my fire ?”
The burning coals then greedily devour'd ;
And cried, “ unkind attendants ! *keep* the sword !”

K

Under

Under the Statue of Edward VI. at St. Thomas's
Hospital.

ON Edward's brow no laurels cast a shade,
Nor at his feet are warlike spoils display'd :
Yet here, since first his bounty rais'd the pile,
The lame grow active, and the languid smile :
See this, ye chiefs, and, struck with envy, pine;
To kill is brutal, but to save, divine.

To Mr. Poyntz, on his Picture.

By Lord Lyttleton.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz ! but who shall
find

A hand or colours to express thy mind ?
A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
In a false world that *dares* to be sincere ;
Wise without art ; without ambition great ;
Tho' firm, yet pliant ; active, tho' sedate :
With all the richest stores of learning fraught ;
Yet better still by native prudence taught ;
That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel ;
That, where misfortune su'd, ne'er fought to
know,

What sect, what party, whether friend or foe :
That fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause ;
That, to his own perfections singly blind,
Would—for another—think this praise design'd.

On

On Miss Biddy Floyd.

By Dr. Swift.

WHEN Cupid did his grandsire Jove intreat
 To form some beauty by a new receipt;
 Jove sent and found, far in a country scene,
 Truth, innocence, good nature, look serene:
 From which ingredients, first the dext'rous boy
 Pick'd the demure, the aukward, and the coy.
 The graces from the court did next provide
 Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
 These *Venus* cleans'd from every spurious grain,
 Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain:
 Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd,
 Then call'd the happy composition, *Floyd*.

To an English Lady at Paris.

WHILST haughty *Gallia's* dames, that spread
 O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
 Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
 In native charms, divinely fair—
 Confusion in their looks they show'd,
 And with *unborrow'd* blushes glow'd.

A Flower painted by Varelst.

WHEN fam'd *Varelst* this little wonder drew,
Fkbra vouchsaf'd the growing work to view;
 Finding the painter's science at a stand,
 The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
 And, finishing the piece, she smiling said,
 Behold one work of mine, which ne'er shall fade.

On Lord Cobham's Gardens.

IT puzzles much the sages brains,
 Where Eden stood of yore;
 Some place it in Arabia's plains,

Some say, it is no more.
 But Cobham can these tales confute
 As all the curious know ;
 For he has prov'd beyond dispute,
 That paradise is *Stowe*.

To a Lady ; who sent Compliments to a Clergy-
 man—on the Ten of Hearts.

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear,
 Old English services are more sincere ;
 You send *ten* hearts—the tythe is only mine,
 Give me but one—and burn the other nine.

To a Lady—half-masking herself, when she
 smiled.

SO when the sun, with his meridian light,
 Too fiercely darts upon our feeble sight ;
 We thank th' officious cloud—by whose kind aid
 We view his glory—soften'd by a shade.

Written in a Lady's Milton.

WITH virtue, strong as yours, had Eve been
 arm'd,
 In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd :
 Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought—
 Nor had frail Adam fell—nor Milton wrote.

On Wit.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone,
 Dug from the *Indian* mine ;
 Which boasts two various powers in one,
 To cut as well as *shine*.

Guines

Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds—
Appears at once both keen and bright
And *sparkles* while it wounds.

To Sir Godfrey Kneller,

On his drawing Lady Hyde's Picture.

KNELLER, take heed, for vast is the design,
And madness 'twere for any hand, but thine :
For mocking thunder bold Salinoneus dies,
And 'tis as rash to imitate her eyes.

To a fine Woman, too fond of praising her
Husband.

By Dr. Swift.

YOU always are making a god of your spouse ;
But this neither reason nor conscience
allows :

Perhaps you will say, 'Tis in gratitude due,
And you *adore* him, because he *adores* you.
Your argument's weak, and so you will find ;
For you, by this rule, must *adore* all mankind.

The Parallel :

*Between the illustrious John Churchill, Duke of
Marlborough, and the Rev. Charles Churchill,
Poet.*

IN Anna's wars immortal Churchill rose,
And, great in arms, subdu'd Britannia's foes :
A greater Churchill now demands our praise,
And the palm yields to the poetic bays :
Tho' John fought nobly at his army's head,
And slew his thousands with the balls of lead :
Yet must the hero to the bard submit,
Who hurls, unmatch'd, the thunderbolts of wit.
Martial

Martial, lib. i. Ep. 34.

By Mr. Hay.

HER father dead—alone no grief she knows ;
 Th' obedient tear at ev'ry visit flows.
 No mourner he, who must by praise be fee'd !
 But he, who mourns in secret, mourns indeed !

Strephon and Blowfalind, or the Amorous
 'Squire.

STREPHON in vain pursu'd a rural fair,
 The rosy object of his tender care !
 The nymph, who long had lov'd a jollier swain,
 Still view'd the amorous Strephon with disdain.
 Provok'd, he strove by force to storm her charms ;
 She rais'd her hand—and dash'd him from her
 arms :

“ Oh cease, he cries, subdue that barbarous
 “ spite,

“ Tho' doom'd to love—I was not born to fight !

“ You've stol'n my heart, deprive me not of
 “ breath ;

“ Those frowns are cruel—but that *fist* is death !”

To Avaro.

THUS to the master of a house,
 Which, like a church, would starve a mouse ;
 Which never guest had entertain'd ;
 Nor meat nor wine its floors had stain'd ;
 I said :—Well, sir, 'tis vastly neat ;
 But where d'ye drink, and where d'you eat ?
 If one may judge, by rooms so fine,
 It costs you more in mops than wine.

Martial.

Martial, lib. viii. Ep. 19, imitated :

To an ancient Gentlewoman.

YOU say you're old, in hopes we'll say you're
young :

But 'tis your face we credit, not your tongue.

An Epitaph.

CELSUS nor gave me purge nor clyster,

Nor felt my pulse, nor order'd blister :

But, being ill, I chanc'd to hear

The doctor's name—and dy'd for fear.

FOR wealth, ye thieves, some statelier house
explore,

Whilst poverty, stout guard ! defends my door.

The Miser and the Mouse.

AS Pedro stalk'd around his house,

The jealous miser spy'd a mouse :

“ How now, cries he, what dost thou here ? ”

“ Sir, says the mouse, dismiss your fear ;

“ I come not with the *hopes* of food,

“ But for the sake of—solitude.”

The Prayer of a wise Heathen.

GREAT Jove, this one petition grant ;

(Thou knowest best what mortals want :)

Ask'd, or unask'd, what's good supply ;

What's evil—to our *pray'rs* deny !

On the Statue of Cow, by Myron.

HENCE, foolish calf !—thy cries refrain,

Nor torture thus my teats in vain :

The sculptor's hand has done its part,

But *real milk* exceeds his art.

On

On Mr. Quin :
By Mr. Garrick.

THAT tongue which set the table on a roar,
And charm'd the public ear,—is heard no
more.

Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
That spoke, before the tongue, what Shakespear
writ.

Cold is that hand, which living was stretch'd
forth,

At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.

Her lies James Quin :—Deign, reader, to be
taught,

Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought ;
Tho' thou in nature's choicest mould wert cast,

“ To this complexion” must thou come at last !

On a libertine Gamester.

“ *Facta est alea !*

HERE lies a Sceptic, long in doubt,
If death could kill the soul, or not.

His scruples death resolves at last ;

Convinc'd—but oh ! the die is cast !

F I N I S

4 AUG 64

